

# COUNTRY LIFE

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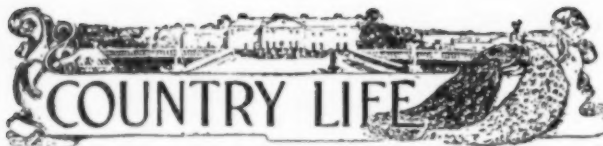
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LALLIE CHARLES.

THE HON. CLARE TENNANT.

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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits  
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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

## THE END OF "LA PETITE CULTURE."

IN no other direction is the modern tendency to do small things in a big way more manifest than in what used to be called "La Petite Culture." Twenty or twenty-five years ago the phrase had a literal meaning. It meant the growing of small things in small quantities, and was commonly applied to the man who united in himself a dozen of the minor agricultural arts. He kept a cow and sold a little milk and made a little butter. He maintained a few hens and sent a few eggs to market. He fattened a chicken or two, kept one or two hives of bees, kept cabbages for the greengrocer and apples for the fruit stall. Out of these various little trickling sources of revenue he made just about as much money as kept him going, and loud was the praise bestowed upon "La Petite Culture." It is characteristic of the times in which we live that this occupation, like a flower whose roots are subdivided and made into

new plants that grow enormously on account of the separation, has been subjected to division. Science has passed that way, and whatever science touches becomes specialised. Poultry keeping, which used to be a very minor part of the small farmer's occupation, is now a great business which is not only carried on for its own sake, but divided into three or four branches, each of which carries the possibility of a really large income. There is the breeder of fancy fowls, who is ever with us, and there is the breeder of what we may call stud birds, which become the stock of the man who keeps poultry for profit. Those that are meant for egg production are chosen and bred with as much attention to their fecundity as the dairy-farmer gives to the milking qualities of the strain of cow from which he forms his herd. There are breeds meant for the table which again have been bred from many generations of fattening birds. Success appears to come more freely to those who work on the narrow specialist lines.

In places where we should least expect it the same spirit is manifested. These remarks, in fact, were suggested by a series of articles prepared for this paper by Mr. Holdenby, who devotes his time and energy to the improvement of fruit growing. His articles deal chiefly with the apple, a fruit that until now has never been taken by any great proportion of the rural population as a serious source of income. Apples have been grown in the most haphazard manner, and in a good year the surplus has been sent to market most carelessly, so that the impression became widespread that Great Britain was not really an apple country, and that our fruit was markedly inferior to that produced on the Continent of Europe, in the Colonies and in America. In these days it is rash to claim an absolute superiority in anything. Therefore we do not say that the English apple has been proved to be the best in the world—though there are many who would not hesitate about making that assertion—but it has been demonstrated that if our apples are well grown and packed as well as is done in our Colonies, there is a great market for them abroad at a remunerative price. This looks like carrying the war into the enemy's country, because only a short time ago complaints were rife that the national industry was being swamped by foreign importation. The latest and most enterprising of apple-growers, instead of wasting his breath in making this lamentation, replies by becoming an exporter himself. The business is young yet, but its progress has been astonishing. Our contributor will tell readers all about it in a series of articles, of which the first will appear in next week's issue. He calls the first instalment "A New Apple Industry," and new it is in every way. But the formation of it is only part of a change sweeping over rural England. The most effective reply which the dairyman can make to the importation of foreign butter is to turn out an article so undeniably superior that it will be gladly bought, not only in preference to imported butter, but even in countries where that butter comes from.

The most remarkable example of specialisation no doubt has been in the cultivation of potatoes. On many farms potatoes to-day are but an ordinary rotation crop, but where a man has specialised in them and is able to grow in large quantities he is able to make a competence, if not a fortune, out of this one branch of his art. We do not refer to those times of excitement when gambling on a great scale went on with regard to new breeds of potatoes. The excitement about that has long passed, but it has left the potato industry one of the greatest and most hopeful in the country. A curious direction in which this specialisation has shown itself is in the cultivation of seeds. No farmer used to think of it, and few even at the present time will undertake all the minute care which is necessary to cleanse and prepare fine seeds for the market. Those who have done it, nevertheless, have reaped a very high reward. In this case, as in every other, modern results have shown that it is the specialist who makes a satisfactory living out of what he might have once regarded as a tiny industry.

### OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR portrait illustration is of the Honourable Clare Tennant, only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconner, and a débutante of the season.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when application is made direct from the offices of the paper. When unofficial requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would at once forward the correspondence to him.

## COUNTRY NOTES



**M**R. RUNCIMAN'S introduction of the Government's Housing Bill is an important event. The Bill is short, and in nine lines the Board of Agriculture applies for powers to acquire land and build cottages, and in particular to make arrangements to that end with Public Utility Societies paying no more than five per cent. to their shareholders. Clause 3 states that three millions are to be expended in this way, which means the provision of from 15,000 to 20,000 cottages. For the first time Public Utility Societies receive state recognition. This is a good point, as it shows the disposition of the Government to summon to its aid local enthusiasm and ability rather than to rely wholly on the activities of a Central Department. We have yet to learn the most important point, namely, the proportion of the total cost of land and cottages which will be lent by the Public Works Loan Board to such societies, and the rate of interest. If the proportion is increased to four-fifths of the total cost and the land is exempted from the operation of a sinking fund, there will be a good chance that the economic rents, which are the basis of the scheme, will be within the means of the rural labouring population.

The other part of the Housing Bill is concerned with the provision of houses for persons employed on Government works, and is intended to apply in the first instance to Rosyth, where the housing of Admiralty employés is a particularly urgent need. In this case, the organisation of building is to be undertaken jointly by the Local Government Board and the Office of Works, and the expenditure will amount to £2,000,000. Here, again, it is intended to employ the aid of the Public Utility Society. It is not apparent when this highly important Housing Bill is likely to be passed. It is not likely that it can be discussed until the Winter Session, and the novel provisions of the scheme must lead to some controversy. Local authorities are already showing some nervousness at the proposal that a Central Department and Public Utility Societies shall take over the work which they have hitherto performed, though with little efficiency. It is earnestly to be hoped that the discussion of this Bill will not be approached from a Party point of view, and that both sides will do their best to turn the Bill into a workable Act of Parliament with the least possible delay.

That the Grey Seals Protection Bill has passed both Houses of Parliament without amendment and received the Royal sanction, so that it is now law, must be a matter for congratulation on the part of those interested in the preservation of our wild mammals. We need scarcely say that the grey seal (*Halichoerus grypus*) is quite distinct from the common seal and differs from it in the time of breeding and in the fact that the young are not able to swim for the first fortnight or three weeks. In consequence, the breeding places have to be well above high-water mark on lonely rocks and skerries, where they are especially exposed to attack. It has been estimated that the total number of grey seals has been reduced in Scottish waters to less than five hundred. In Irish waters and in English waters the number is very much less. It ought, therefore, to be made widely known that a close time has been established between October 1st and December 15th. This arrangement to last for five years unless Parliament may otherwise determine. Landed proprietors and shooting tenants on the West Coast of Scotland, where most of the damage has been done in past years, will,

we hope, do their best to make this known. A great deal of the destruction has been due to the Crofters and fishermen, to whom the breeding seals were an easy prey.

The news that the Canadian province of Alberta has adopted the single tax in a modified form will come as a surprise to many investors who are under the erroneous impression that Great Britain is the only part of the Empire in which experiments in land taxation are taking place. It is stated that, with one or two exceptions, all the taxes, except those on actual land values, have been abolished throughout Alberta. No taxes are levied on improvements, and this development is said to be the nearest approach to a genuine single tax in the whole of the American continent, the home of Mr. Henry George, the prophet of the single tax, and the country of origin of that panacea for all diseases of the body politic. As we pointed out some time ago in a series of articles which we published on Colonial taxation, prospective investors should be very careful before buying land in the Colonies to ascertain on what basis the local taxation is levied, and how the laws relating to death duties are framed. Neglect to obey this precaution may lead to unpleasant surprises. For example, in Alberta the local expenditure may rise by leaps and bounds, and as the whole of it will be chargeable on the land to the exclusion of other classes of property, the landowners are likely to see a considerable fall in the value of their holdings. Hitherto the operation of the new method of taxation has been to permit the speculator to escape and to penalise the *bona-fide* holder and investor.

### THE "TOUNLET."

"A Fischer Tounlet of 20 Boots caullid Robyn Huddes Bay."

—Itinerary of John Leland the Antiquary.

The "fischer" town lies low  
On the arm of the North Sea,  
Where blustering, chill winds blow  
Their deep-toned lullaby;  
Where foam-lashed cliffs, and dim moors lone  
Look down, and guard her rest,  
Right close to the heart of the mighty one—  
To the sound of her throbbing breast.

Where scent of heather steals  
To meet the bluff breeze free—  
Where urchins dip their heels,  
And share the seagulls' glee—  
Where glistening blooms of spiked gorse crown  
The hill with radiance—  
The red-roofed "tounlet" nestles down  
On the arm of the North Sea. F. R. S.

Among the dangers which fruit growers of the present day have to guard against, one of the most serious is the American gooseberry mildew. It is a very contagious disease, and no one who has the interest of fruit growing at heart can regret that the law has been put in motion for the purpose of restraining those who carelessly, to say the least of it, send diseased fruit to market. Several cases were brought before Mr. Hopkins at Bow Street last week. In one a London County Council inspector had found some of the berries to be slightly diseased, but the consigner pleaded that in its initial stages the mildew is not easily detected, and it had escaped his attention. Under the circumstances the magistrate dismissed the summons upon payment of the costs. In a consignment from another fruit farm, among three bushels one quart was found to be diseased, and, under the circumstances, a fine of forty shillings and the costs could not be called severe. Similar penalties were imposed on several other growers who had sent infected fruit to market. The utmost publicity should be given to the facts in order that the greatest care may be taken to prevent the spread of this very infectious disease.

There was a thoroughly exciting finish at Lord's last week, for though Eton in the end won with a fair measure of comfort by four wickets, it was touch-and-go with them for a long time. There was one most critical over of Jessopp's when some twenty or thirty runs were still needed. One ball the batsman nicked very luckily for four, another missed the wicket by a hair's-breadth, beat the wicket-keeper as well and went for four byes. Thus went eight runs to the batting side when there might well have been no runs and a valuable wicket lost; and one more wicket at that moment might have precipitated a crisis. As it was, Hankey and Anson



hit off the runs with the greatest coolness and courage, and deserved all the frantic outburst of cheering that broke out as the winning hit crashed the ball to the boundary. It was a gallant win for Eton; a disappointing match for Harrow, who on Friday night seemed to have victory at last within their grasp after several very lean years. A few years ago the Eton Eleven had an unfortunate habit of collapsing at Lord's. More lately, however, they have developed a power of making runs right down to the "tail." A weak team of Gentlemen lost to the Players last week, but amply revenged their defeat in the second match, thanks chiefly to some fine bowling by Mr. Douglas.

The Postmaster-General has lately made a statement to the effect that his department is unable to obtain the poles that it requires for the telegraph service in this country, and is obliged to import them from overseas. He has further issued the measurements of the length and substance of the poles that are needed, for the guidance of possible growers. Of course, speaking patriotically, it is to be regretted, when there is much unoccupied land in Great Britain capable of growing trees of the species best adapted to this end, that we should not be able to meet the demand from our native supply, but, after all, it has to be remembered that the question is not one only, or even chiefly, of production: it is very largely a question of transport. If trees suitable for the purpose can be grown on the Continent beside large and, perhaps, navigable rivers, the trunks can be conveyed by river and sea to our ports at a cheaper rate than they can be carried thither from any inland woodlands in this island. We must all hail the increased interest in forestry in our own country, but at the same time, this point, of the transport of the timber, has always to be borne in mind as a crucial one in the calculation of the returns from planting.

In an instructive report the British Consul at Bordeaux has effectively shown that the French habit of slaughtering small birds imposes a very heavy tax on the owners of vineyards. In the Department of the Gironde the loss through insect pests in 1913, estimated at £1,600,000, is almost wholly attributable to the absence of bird life. The annual loss has doubled in seven years. Attempts have been made at the legal protection of insect-feeding birds, but, unfortunately, one of the most popular Sunday and Feast day recreations of the people is that of hunting little birds. Trapping goes on continually, and the Consul says: "The trapping of wild birds for the market is a most lucrative trade. Trapped birds are sold in the market on sticks supporting a dozen of these small creatures, plucked and ready to roast, and are worth from 10d. to 1s. per stick during the fighting season and from 2s. 4d. to 2s. 9d. per stick out of the fighting season." To some extent small birds, such as thrushes, blackbirds, larks, even finches and sparrows, are eaten in this country, but that is only by the very poor. In France they are much sought after and appreciated as an article of diet. The figures given by the Consul are indeed colossal. From various stations in the South of France twenty-eight tons of small birds in baskets were transported during one season. In the same period 3,000,000 swallows and 80,000 robins were caught and sold. Larks are so numerous in the fighting season that one man may kill from 200 to 300 dozen in a night. A very little arithmetic will show what a loss to the country is involved by the destruction of these insect-eating birds.

From the report of the Scottish Land Enquiry Committee it appears that the old question with regard to the degeneracy of Scottish red deer has been revised. The deer killed annually now number thousands, while fifty years ago a very few hundreds made up the bag. The average excellence of the heads is very much higher than it was fifty years ago, and though a few picked giants of old stood out in the Exhibition of British Deer Heads organised by us last year, speaking generally, modern heads measure every bit as well. Nowadays in most forests a stag has very little chance of attaining old age. Deer wander freely, and there is no certainty to an owner who spares a promising young stag that he will see him the following season. The whole trouble is that there are far too many deer, particularly hinds, in nearly every modern Scottish forest. Fifty years ago they had plenty of food and unlimited range. Many owners supply artificial food in an endeavour to restore natural conditions, and very few deer in the old days can have surpassed the heaviest weights in a good modern year.

We have lately seen a very considerable discussion and an acute difference of opinion about the question whether

certain diving birds do or do not use their wings to aid them in propulsion under water. It is rather singular that it does not, so far as we have read, seem to have occurred to any of the disputants to pay a visit to the Zoo, and there to see for themselves what the different species do. The keepers, if not too busy, are always obligingly ready to throw in some fish for the birds to feed on in their tanks, and there you may easily observe, through the glass walls, the extent to which the cormorants, for instance, avail themselves of their wings to aid them in their under-water movements. As a matter of fact, the cormorant uses his wings very slightly. He may open one or other a little for aid in balance or in turning, but all his remarkably swift action comes from the propulsion of his webbed feet. In strong contrast is the way of the penguin, which makes no use of its feet or legs at all, propelling itself entirely by the beat of its fin-like wings.

In the middle of this beautiful summer we hope that our readers will not forget that splendid institution, Pearson's Fresh Air Fund. It has done yeoman service in the past. Last year no fewer than a quarter of a million needy little town children were carried to the seaside or the forest, there to enjoy one full day of a diviner, more pellucid air. And in addition some thousands of those who most required it were sent away for a fortnight at a time. This fund has been in existence for twenty-two years and in that space of time has extended its benefits to three and a half million children. It can claim the distinction of being that charity in which most good is done for the money. Ninepence will pay for one day's holiday in the country for a poor child, and this is because every fraction of it is devoted to the one purpose. No deductions whatever are made for administrative or other outside expenses. Half a sovereign will give one of the mites a fortnight at the seaside, and for the sum of £8 2s. a day's holiday can be provided for two hundred children with the necessary attendants.

#### GOLDEN CINQUEFOIL.

Mackerel clouds overhead in a drift of white  
And the road winds up and is lost to sight,  
A ribbon of brown with ragged edges  
Pale in the noonday heat.  
Half close your eyes and the speedwell blue  
Grows a pool that the fairies have left for you,  
A-shimmer beneath the hedges.  
And blossoms spring sudden like gems  
From the stones of the road on a myriad slender stems  
To scatter and break in a glory of gold at your feet.

What is this flower which forsakes its fellows to trust  
Its riot of peerless gold to the stones and the dust,  
Fearless of harm where the carthorse stumbles,

A hero in very deed?  
'Tis a text for the moralist ready found  
Of the beauty in life we can spread around  
E'er this "earthly temple" tumbles.

But sermons are not for me.  
I but pass and drink deep of the beauty in all I see,  
And glorify Giver and gift in this shining weed.

HILDA HUTCHISON.

This year's Bisley Meeting has opened with match rifle shooting, which is brilliant even when compared with the wonderful performances of other years. The system of counting the central invisible carton of the bullseye as 6in. has been introduced; this carton has only a diameter of 24in., by no means a large target at a distance of 1,000yds., 1,100yds. or 1,200yds., yet both the winner of the Waldegrave (Mr. R. W. Barnett) and the winner of the Bass (Captain Campbell of Ross) rarely placed their shots outside this invisible 2ft. circle. It is to be hoped that headmasters will not insist upon the school matches being shot on some day outside the meeting, as it is rumoured that a number of them desire. Of course, it is true that Bisley falls during the busiest part of the school year; but to hold the school matches at another time to that of the meeting would be a sad blow to the many old boys who still keep up their shooting and their pride in their schools, for it would be difficult for them to return to Bisley on some arbitrary day a week or two after the meeting; while such an arrangement would put the National Rifle Association to very great expense and inconvenience, and would rob the meeting of by no means the least interesting of its fixtures. However, we discuss this question more fully in another place.



# FRENCH MILITARY RIDING.—I.

BY CAPTAIN ALLEN PALMER.

L'arme de l'offensive.  
L'arme des initiatives hardies.  
L'arme des décisions rapides and instantes.  
L'arme des manœuvres étendues, variées audacieuses, décisives.  
L'arme qui exige du moindre officier le comprehension des situations de la guerre.

**S**O runs the motto hung in the central hall of the French Cavalry School at Saumur. It is surrounded by the names of officers of the Army of France distinguished in the past, and contains those of eight Commanders-in-Chief and nineteen Field-M Marshals, including such world-famous names as Ney, Davout and Kellerman, all of whom have emanated from the cavalry. And it is the object of this School for Cavalry Officers to continue at the present time the traditions of the past, and to produce officers from the cavalry who may be no less distinguished than some of those whose names they read inscribed on the roll.

The primary object at Saumur is to train junior officers as squadron leaders.

There are at the school some two hundred to three hundred pupils. These are second lieutenants, and lieutenants who come back after having served seven years with their regiments. The course of second lieutenants lasts six months and for lieutenants the period is one of eight months. Usually some ten majors also are undergoing a course of training. For the purpose of instruction in equitation, tactical exercises, lectures, swordsmanship, etc., the school is organised into four brigades. The staff of instructors consists of one colonel, two lieutenant-colonels and sixteen *écuyers*, or riding instructors. These are either senior lieutenants or captains. The *écuyers* are all excellent horsemen, and are picked officers who have passed through the school. They specialise in one branch,

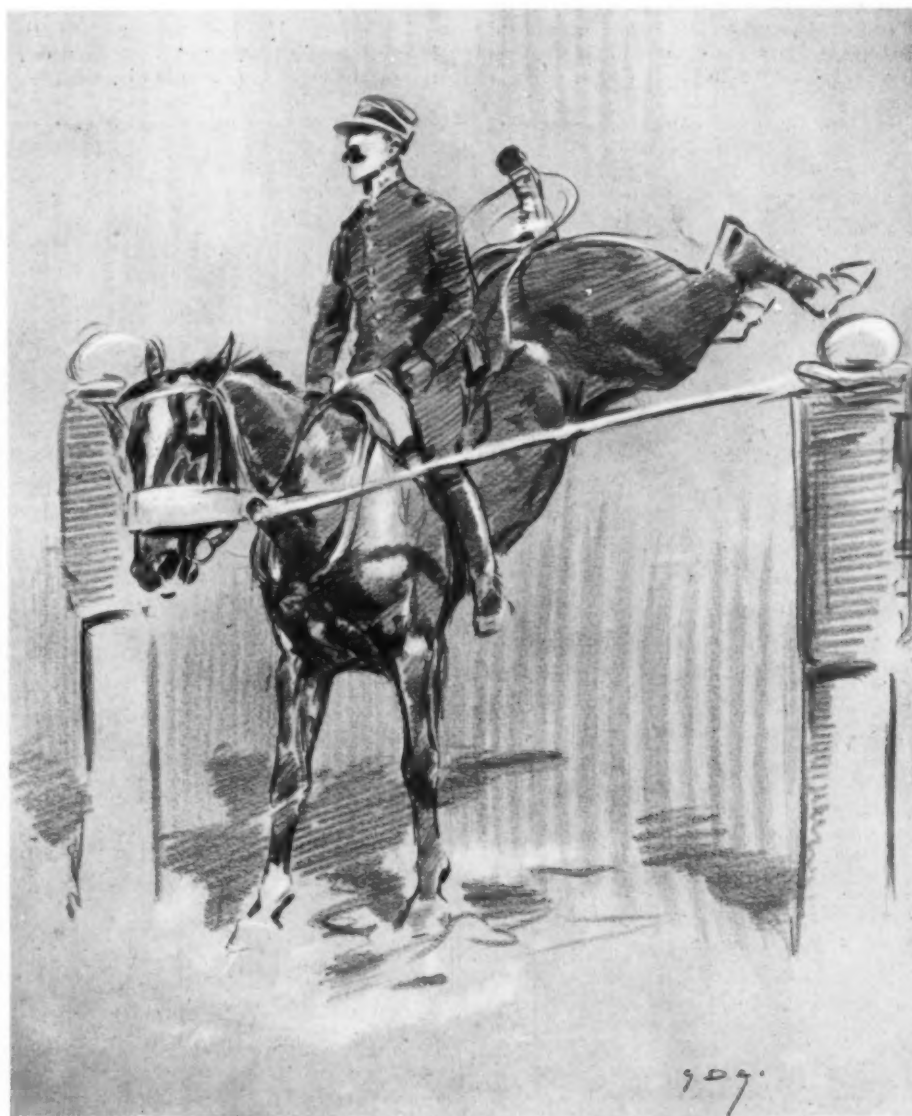
such as training *sauteurs* (schooljumpers), young horses, riding jumping horses, training steeplechase horses, etc. There are special instructors for the tactical exercises and lectures.

The school buildings and appurtenances are on a very lavish scale. There is no extravagance, but everything is as efficient as could be wished for. There are five closed riding schools, all very high and well ventilated; these have large mirrors at each corner to enable the pupils to see their seats, and each school has a large and commodious gallery for visitors. In the centre

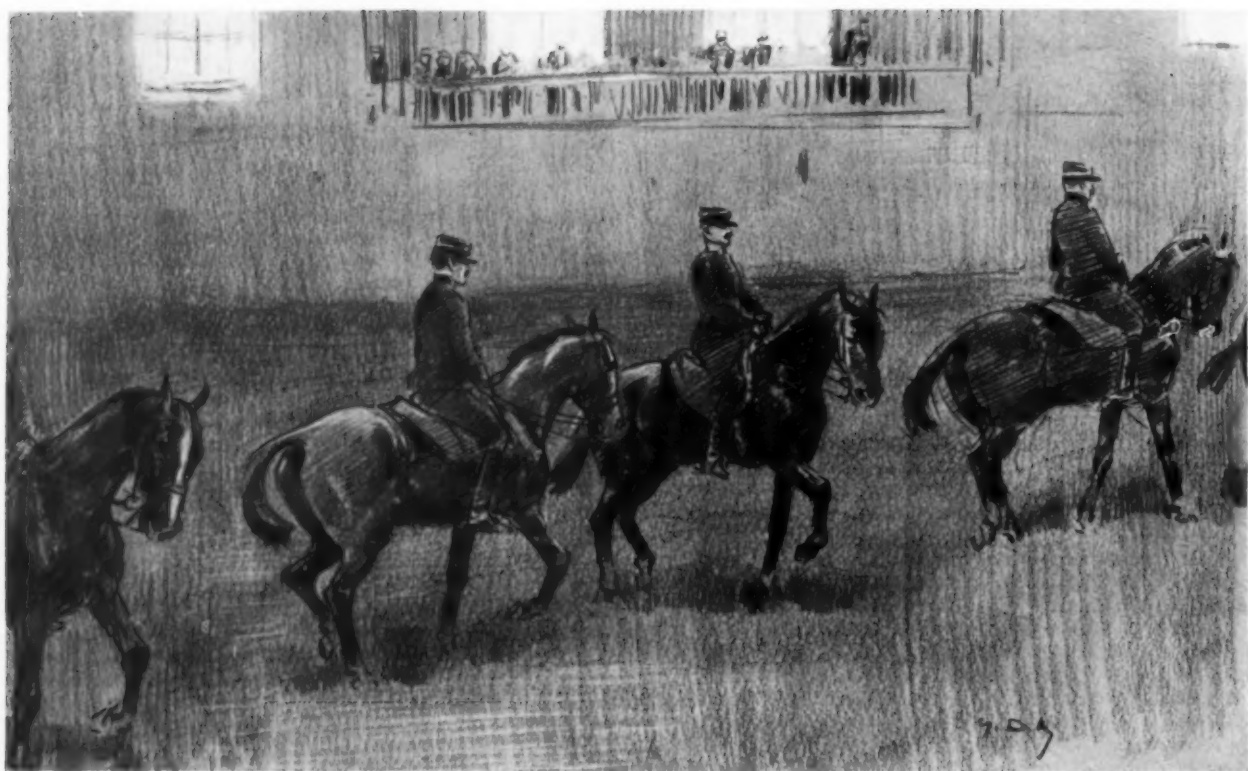
of the establishment is a large square or plain, not unlike an Indian *maidan*, some eight acres in area, with a fine, soft, sandy surface on which horses are exercised, jumped and schooled. The annual *carrousel*, or tournament, is held on this square. There are two jumping grounds—one, "Brille," where horses are schooled for show jumping. There are here high rails, double rails and ditches, double banks, stone walls, etc. There are no "wings" to any of these fences; indeed, we saw no wings to any of the fences at Saumur, whether in the closed schools or outside. Besides this ground there is another, "Natural Country," several square miles in extent. Here there is an excellent steeplechase course some three miles long, with fences built where necessary, a grand stand, etc., and a flat five furlongs. The pupils are "let loose" over this. Every imaginable sort and description of fence is to be found here—bullfinches, stone walls, stone-faced banks, big ditches with ox-rails all come in their turn. The pupils jump independently, and every horse and man goes as if he meant getting to the other side. Even in the woods there are fallen trees, small ditches, rows of gorse, all to make a horse look about him and be "clever." In this four or five miles of country there are all the fences that one is likely to find in any hunting-field, and a good many which, we are glad to say, are seldom encountered there! We were told of many falls, and if one met a broken-nosed second lieutenant or a captain with his arm in a sling and asked what was the matter and how he did it, the answer was always "à Vereille," showing only too well that they, one and all, were not afraid of taking their "tosses." This jumping country is quite unique, and is most excellent in a place such as France, where officers are unable to follow hounds over a fenced country. In fact, it does for the cavalry officer at Saumur what fox-hunting does for the English officer. Here

he is taught and learns how to put his horse at the fences, to "collect" him over timber, to make him change his legs over a double bank, to catch hold of his head and hold him together when jumping into soft ground, and other things, all of which our officers learn to do when following hounds. The authorities at Saumur realise what great opportunities the hunting-field offers in the making of a cavalry soldier, and have made an excellent bid to provide a most efficient substitute.

Horse-manship, as is only to be expected in a school of this description, takes pride of place, and



RIDING A SAUTEUR ON THE PILLARS.



"LE PASSAGE": TWO LINES CROSS THROUGH ONE ANOTHER.

more time and trouble is spent on this than on any other subject. Nowhere in the world could such a number of finished horsemen be found collected together. It is so arranged that every officer rides a different horse each day in his High School work. He has, however, told off to him one *carrière*, or

riding horse, on which to get out to tactical exercises, etc. This *carrière* is often his own horse, and kept in the town of Saumur. He has to complete the training in the High School of one partially trained horse and to commence the training of another outside.



"UNE FOSSE" IN THE COUNTRY.



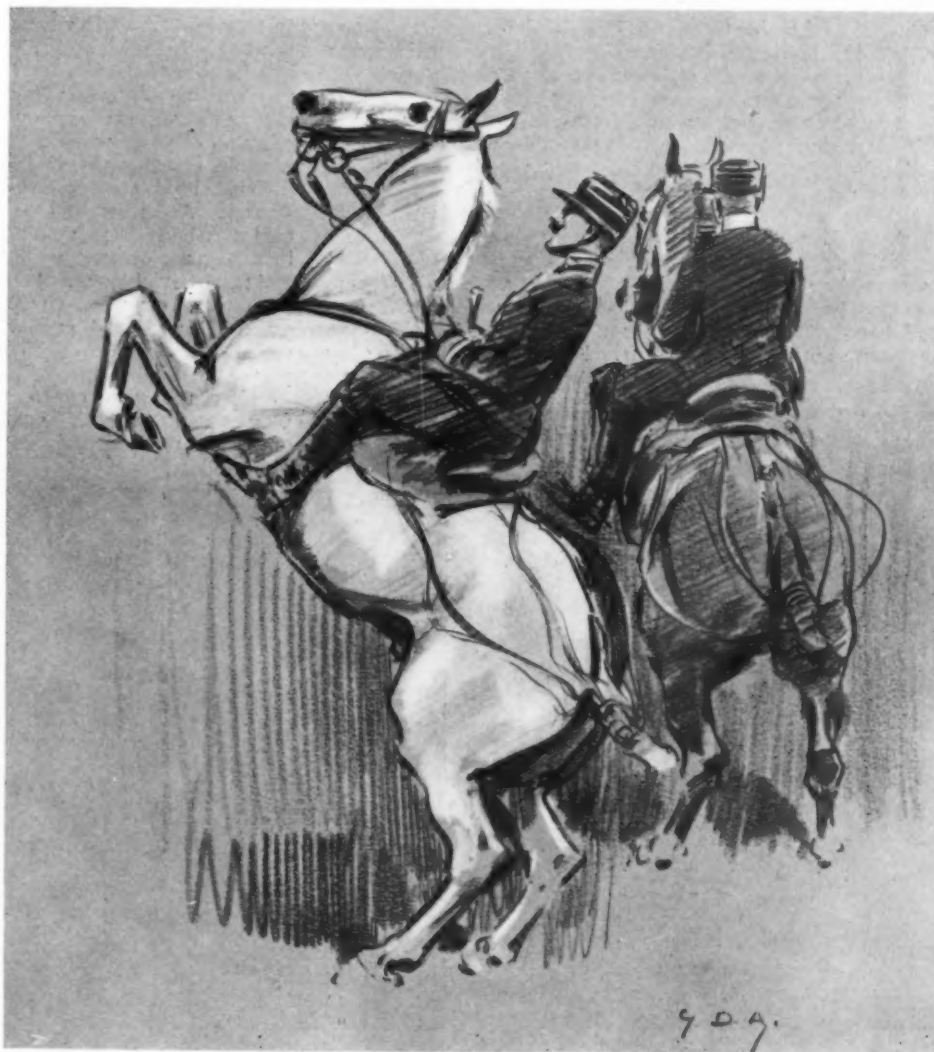
Great attention is paid to his seat and hands. The French seat gives the rider rather the appearance of sitting forward, according to our English ideas. The authorities at Saumur claim that grip is best obtained not by pressure, but by a long "envelope" of surface bearing on the horse; this envelope should extend from the upper part of the thigh (fesses) to the calf. The upper part of the thigh should be as far forward as possible, and the grip should be obtained without contracting the muscles. The foot is allowed to hang easily, and the toe never pointed upwards. Especially in the High School riding, is the lower part of the leg drawn back; and the seat is not changed when jumping. The principle maintained at Saumur is that the weight of the rider on the horse must never change position, and for this reason it is essential that when the horse is making his leap, and is in the air, the rider does not move his centre of gravity and distribution of weight—he must still maintain the best grip—i.e., sit forward. This seat is also adopted when riding over the "natural country" described above.

We have dealt with the seat at some length, because we are all brought up in the school which maintains that the correct method of sitting over a fence is to "sit back"; but our experience at Saumur demonstrates that there are other seats equally good. The horses jump kindly and very cleanly, and their heads are always free and uninterfered with.

The "Haute Ecole by the Ecuyers" was a veritable masterpiece in the art of horsemanship. This form of riding, perhaps, may appear rather unpractical and unnecessary to our English eyes, but, being an ancient French institution, it is only fitting that it should still be continued at the French Academy of Riding, Saumur. Further, the authorities think that the instructors, in order to instruct, should have a knowledge of their art in advance of that which it is their duty to teach to their pupils. The first part of the exercise, which is performed on specially trained High School horses, consists of *passage* work. A singularly pretty and effective movement is that of two lines, passaging from either side of the school, gaining ground to the front, and passing through one



LA CROUPADE.



LA COURBETTE.



another in the centre in two perfect lines. The "Pas d'Espagnol" is also performed, to start with, at the walk, then at the trot, first with the forelegs only and then with all four legs. A still more difficult and technical exhibition is given by twelve *écuyers*, who ride the *sauteurs* (jumping horses). The first part of the movement consists in all rearing together with the forelegs; this is followed by kicking with the hind legs, both at the halt, then the same on the move. The exhibition is finished by jumping into the air and kicking at the top of the buck. A perfectly extraordinary feat of horsemanship—twelve horses leaping into the air at a given signal. The "aids" are given with the leg of the rider and a small switch. When one comes to consider the time and patience required to make a horse perform these extremely difficult movements, the exhibition is truly wonderful, and pays great testimony not only to the riders themselves, but to the trainers of the horses. It adds one more proof to the motto which runs through everything undertaken at the school—"Thorough."

A most noticeable point among the instructors and pupils was their greed for work and their indefatigable patience to attain their ends in the matter of training and riding horses.

The day begins at 5 a.m. and ends at 6 p.m., with two or three hours for *déjeuner*, and frequently these *déjeuner* hours are cut very short. If the instructors or pupils have finished their routine work, they will take out a young horse into the school or on to the *maidan* and train him. No polo is played, and very few forms of sport are indulged in. But show jumping and steeplechasing are much encouraged. The general method of training a horse is that of "gentle perseverance." In no case is cruelty or severity shown. Indeed, one instance was quoted to us of a second lieutenant being given "fifteen days' arrest" for "jobbing his horse in the mouth."

The system as pursued at Saumur seems to admirably fit requirements, and, taking into consideration the limited opportunities afforded in the way of hunting, polo, etc., the result is excellent. Indeed, it seems that Saumur School produces cavalry officers capable of holding their own with any Army and over any description of country in which they may have to fight. The officers are cheery, sporting and hard-working. A great number have terriers and sporting dogs of some sort. If there is any doubt as to the definition of *Entente Cordiale*, an evening spent at Saumur will quickly clear that up!

## THE SCIENCE OF LAWN TENNIS.

BY ANTHONY F. WILDING.

[Those interested in the article on Lawn Tennis by Mr. Beamish in our issue of June 27th will be doubly so in the following. Lawn Tennis, far from being the easiest of ball games, is the most difficult. Success depends on so many things, and a natural gift is of little use without a practical knowledge of its fundamentals. Lawn tennis has taken a firm hold on the public. New clubs are springing up everywhere, and each year sees additional tournaments open to the increasing army of players. Yet we believe there is only one book on the game wherein it has been treated from a practical point of view. It is for this reason that we have persuaded Mr. Anthony F. Wilding, the world's champion of 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913, to write an exclusive series of articles for COUNTRY LIFE on "The Science of Lawn Tennis." Mr. Wilding retained his title of World's Champion on Hard Courts in Paris early in June, and he is defending his title of World's Champion on Covered Courts at Copenhagen. Mr. Wilding is, without question, the finest all-round player in the world. He is master of every stroke known to the game. His tactics have improved out of all knowledge during the past three years, and he is the most physically fit man who ever stepped on to a lawn tennis court. In the following series of articles Mr. Wilding treats of the game as a science he has himself brought to a pitch of perfection through years of hard work and experience. But, knowing full well that descriptive matter, however accurate and detailed, generally fails in educating the reader, these articles will rely, to a certain extent, on a full series of photographs, which, with the explanatory text, will give to the reader a comprehensive idea of the game and how it should be played.—Ed.]

### I.—GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

THE playing of lawn tennis without any consideration for, or study of, the mechanism of the strokes is the common failing of every player. Lawn tennis is not a gift which comes to one through some kindly Providence. Its principles have to be learnt, and only through study and consistent practice can success be attained.

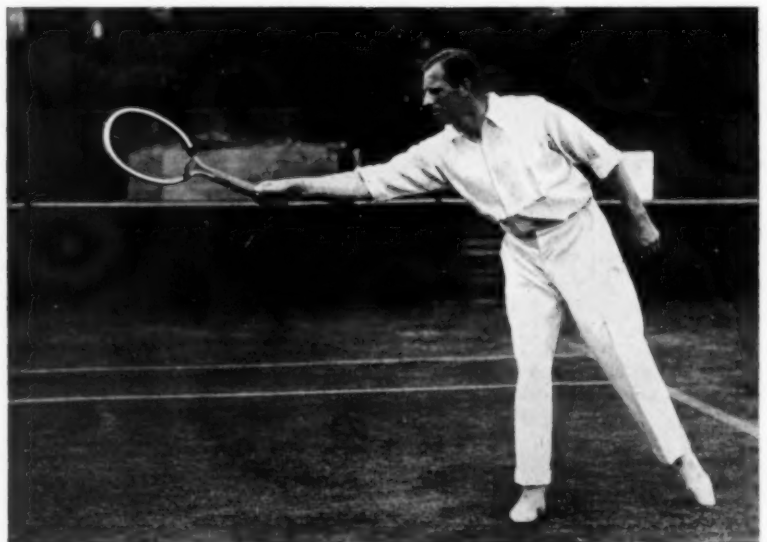
When one considers that among the thousands of players in the United Kingdom there are only about ten who rank as really first class, no further word on my part is needed to emphasise this point. Few, if any, lawn tennis players can ever hope to approach first class form without a serious and considered study of the game and the individual strokes that form an integral part of it. It is not sufficient to play with, or against, better players. It is not sufficient

to play all day and every day. Methodical stroke practice is what is required, and this is impossible without some knowledge of the mechanism of the strokes and their method of production. Matters such as this often appear far more difficult and involved than they really are. An involved question of law is often answered more correctly by taking the simple, sensible, common-sense point of view than by searching out difficult legal technicalities. So it is with lawn tennis strokes. A somewhat extensive experience has taught me that the barriers preventing all possibility of improvement in the game of the average player are usually the simple and most trivial faults. I shall, in the course of these articles, keep these common, simple faults well in sight. I shall avoid all useless discussion as to advanced technicalities and theories which only confuse and can serve no useful purpose.

Let me give one concrete example. Thousands of players all over the world at the present time would appreciably improve their game if they consistently stood



This illustration explains clearly the author's maxim with reference to standing too close to the ball. The weight of his body is badly distributed, and such a stroke makes a follow through practically impossible.



AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF THE "FOLLOW THROUGH." The camera has caught Mr. Wilding at the finish of his backhand drive, and shows clearly how his weight has been transferred to his right foot.

at least a foot further to the side of the ball, for both their forehand and their backhand strokes. Go to any club, country house tournament, or other place where the game is played, and every single player will be found to be com-



**"KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL."**

The illustration shows how the flight of the ball is being followed after it has left the racket. The weight of the body is distributed in an exactly reverse direction to the previous photograph, the weight being transferred to the left foot.

mitting one, two, or most probably all four of the very simple faults which I enumerate below. If only the player would make up his mind to avoid these four common, universal mistakes, there is nothing more to teach him. The rest he

can learn himself. The four cardinal errors which do practically everything to stop the progress of the ordinary player are: (1) Players do not watch the ball; (2) players get too close to the ball; (3) players hesitate in their swing; (4) players do not follow through; and it is with these simple rules, and their direct application to the game, that we are most concerned for the moment. The mechanism of the individual strokes I will explain in detail in the course of these articles, but it will be readily understood that it is somewhat hopeless care-fully explaining how to produce



**A PROBABLE RESULT OF STANDING TOO CLOSE TO THE BALL.**

The distribution of weight is all wrong, and instead of following through with the racket, as in the third illustration it will be seen that the finish of the stroke precludes any possibility of controlling the direction of the ball.

"top spin" to a man who has not yet mastered the elements of the game. The four essentials I have set out above can be followed in a course of stroke practice, which I strongly recommend. Stroke practice is excellent, because it is fraught

with no anxiety as to the ultimate outcome of a particular stroke, as no count of lost points is kept. I do not advocate anyone making a business of a pleasure, but those spirits keen enough to dissect their own play and their strokes in concentrated stroke practice will improve their game to a remarkable degree. My advice then is: Get the right ideas and then set out to practise them, and improvement cannot fail to result.

The rule as to watching the ball applies in lawn tennis just as it does in golf, and the lawn tennis player should make it his religion. "Keep your eye on the ball" applies just as directly to a world's champion as it does to a young lady who plays pat-ball at a garden-party: the difference in result is

merely relative. I would ask the ordinary player to think over this point carefully, and to really attempt to discover whether he does watch the ball. Keeping your eye on the ball does not mean looking at it just when you hit it. It means that you must follow its flight as it leaves your opponent's racket, as it crosses the net and touches the ground, as it approaches your own racket, and when you have returned

it. Then, when your opponent is preparing to return it, you start all over again. A careful and, to a certain extent, automatic study of what the ball does from the time it leaves your racket until it approaches you again will teach you more in a few hours than a whole season of haphazard match play. It is essential to success: it is the fulcrum around which everything turns on the road to success. And because this advice is so simple and apparently so obvious, please do not disregard it; when you

have improved your game fifty per cent. you will thank me for having impressed it upon you so strongly. There is another reason for watching the ball, which is necessitated by two considerations: (1) your opponent



**ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF A WRONG FINISH.**

The racket has come across the body, and with the weight wrongly distributed, the same fault as explained in the fourth illustration is obtained.



**A TYPICAL SHOT OF MR. WILDING'S.**

This stroke is the same as illustrated in the third with the exception that the ball is being pushed across the court. Its direction can be gauged from the position of the left foot.



and (2) the state of the ground. If you do not know the play of your opponent, the question of dealing with his returns relies, to a certain extent, on your being able to watch the ball carefully in order to deal with any "cut" or "spin" he may put on it. The first-class player knows instinctively when "cut" has been imparted to the ball, but the ordinary player generally has to wait until the ball has pitched before he can gauge the direction in which it will travel. There is sometimes also special need to watch the ball because of variations in the surface of the court. The ball does not always bound true, even on the best grass courts, and it is therefore necessary to watch it most closely. After a while this watching of the ball will develop into an instinct. It will become part of your game, and in the end you will never realise in any conscious manner that your eye is fixed on the ball the whole time it is in play. The second fault, that of players standing too close to the ball, is also important, and in order to form a correct style as well as for efficient stroke production, this point should receive careful attention. In laying down some definite rules on the subject, it must be clearly understood by the reader that I am only advocating, and trying to set out, what I regard as the correct stance for the perfect production of all ground strokes. It does not necessarily follow that an *effective* stroke can only be made if the ball is hit when the player is an exact and definite distance from it. All the same, there is no real reason why an effective stroke should not also be perfect. Nature must come first, and when running fast for a ball, under uncontrollable circumstances, the stroke may have to be taken in a position which does not flatter physical symmetry. However, the correct method is to stand a full arm's length away from the ball, and easily and without cramping oneself hit the ball when it is directly opposite to you—not a moment before or after. This applies to both the forehand and the backhand stroke: the position of the body and the feet I will deal with later. Do not snatch out at the ball in an attempt to hit it before it reaches you, because if you do, a faulty direction is sure to result. In order not to do this it may be advisable to move in and meet the ball; but even then the maxim, "Stand an arm's length away," will still hold good.

The two further points I can deal with under one heading, as the questions of players hesitating in their swing and failing to follow through with their racket are, in a way, dependent upon each other. Hesitation is fatal to the success of any stroke, and what would have been a good stroke is often turned into a bad one through the failure of the player to make up his mind at once what he proposes to do with the ball.

This fact may depend a great deal on what your opponent does after he has returned the ball; but, all the same, it is fatal to wait until the ball is practically on your racket before you make up your mind what to do. Make your plan directly you see in what direction the ball is coming, and, combining the two first axioms of keeping your eye on the ball and not standing too close to it, you will, if you do not hesitate, make a good return. Yet even the good return depends upon my fourth point, the follow through.

To define "follow through" in a few words is rather difficult, but it means pushing the racket along *with* the ball, and in the same direction and plane in which it is hit. This is a *sine qua non* of every good and (intentionally) well placed stroke. The longer the stroke, the better result will be obtained. The commencement must be well back behind the body, and the finish should be well out in front of the body, the ball being hit, as I have stated before, when it is directly in a line with the player. At first this stroke will not appear natural, as the easiest way to finish the stroke is to bring the racket across the body. But if the correct method is persevered with, the stroke will eventually come quite naturally, and the resultant improvement will amply compensate for the time spent in its production.

Before closing this introductory article I should like to give a little space to what I regard as essential to success and, to the first-class player, continued success in lawn tennis. Stroke play is the royal road to improvement, by which you train individual strokes as opposed to all-round match play. Match play goes far to develop tactics, but the mere fact that a competitive spirit enters into it militates against the improvement of your weaker strokes. In match play it is quite impossible to get that stream of shots in a given and required direction which enables the player to concentrate on one particular defect, and without practice to overcome it, without stroke play the player can never hope to advance. Personally, I enjoy stroke practice with a kindred spirit; or, if no friend is available, I am content to play against a brick wall, and I am convinced that it

has done me untold good. The point about stroke practice is this: If you discover that you are weak in one particular department of the game, say on your backhand, this fact forms a bar to progress, for two reasons. One is that it emphasises the fact that your backhand stroke cannot be used for purposes of attack owing to its relative weakness; and the other reason is that your opponent will, if he is at all discerning, concentrate on your weakness and feed it the whole time. A course of stroke practice will do wonders in strengthening your weakness, with the possibility that it will eventually turn your purely defensive stroke into an attacking one.

I am always being asked about the right and the wrong grips to use for particular strokes, and though I will deal with the various grips in use for individual strokes when I am discussing the strokes themselves, I will give a few general hints here which may be useful. With regard to grips there is, undoubtedly, a right way and a wrong way; but even so, I do not countenance a definite and fixed grip for everyone who takes up the game. An orthodox grip may be excellent in theory, but a player has to execute strokes in so many different positions and in so many different ways that any stereotyped hold of the racket must be condemned. The grips used by the famous players vary considerably, and, in the case of Norman Brookes, he uses an infinite number of grips, each of which is equally effective. Allowance must be made for individual peculiarities, and the man who says that one grip is right and the others are all wrong can know but little of the game. There are, of course, right lines on which to model the grip, but when once this has been obtained the rest must be left to the individual. Dogmatism on this subject could only lead to confusion.

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## IN THE GARDEN.

### NEW ROSES AT THE NATIONAL SHOW.

**N**EW seedling Roses made one of the most attractive features of the National Rose Society's Show, held in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, on Tuesday of last week. A keen interest is annually displayed in new Roses, and this year was no exception to the rule. The special tent set apart for seedlings was crowded from the moment it opened after the judging by critical experts had been completed. It is interesting to observe that a little more than a century ago there were about two hundred known varieties of Roses, and some of these were more curious than beautiful. To-day it is estimated that there are about twelve thousand varieties in cultivation, and still the raisers of new Roses continue to add to the multiplicity of varieties. It should, however, be pointed out that many excellent Roses, garden varieties in particular, have never received the Society's gold medal, while some varieties that have gained this high award are not sufficiently strong in constitution to hold their own among the very wide selection of varieties now in cultivation. There is still room for improvements, particularly among yellow and crimson varieties, while the Society is well advised in encouraging fragrance in new Roses, also the perpetual flowering quality, which, by the by, is still wanting among ramblers Roses. This year crimson Roses were well represented among the new seedlings. British growers are well to the fore in the raising of new Roses, and at the recent show the five following varieties, each from a different raiser, gained the Society's gold medal.

**Mrs. Bertram Walker.**—A Hybrid Tea with rich, glowing cerise pink blooms of good form and substance. It is of erect, branching habit and said to be perpetual flowering. Shown by Hugh Dickson, Limited, Belfast. The blooms possess the precious gift of fragrance.

**Augustus Hartman.**—Another Hybrid Tea of vigorous habit. It is the most vivid coloured of all the new Roses. The shade of colour appears to vary from glowing vermilion scarlet to bright cerise pink. Shown by Messrs. B. R. Cant and Sons, Colchester. It is a Rose of perfect form and quite an acquisition among exhibition varieties.

**Margaret Dickson Hamill.**—A beautiful yellow Rose suffused with apricot, not unlike Mme. Ravary. The blooms are of good size and slightly Tea scented. Shown by Messrs. Alex. Dickson and Sons, Newtownards. There is still room for a good yellow Hybrid Tea, and this variety marks a step in the right direction.

**Majestic.**—A seedling Hybrid Tea of vigorous and upright habit. The large globular blooms are of a beautiful satiny pink colour. Shown by Messrs. William Paul and Son, Limited, Waltham Cross. The fragrant flowers are of good substance and borne on stout spiny stems.

**Clytemnestra.**—This is one of the cluster Roses raised by the Rev. J. H. Pemberton, Havering-atte-Bower. A free flowering bush Rose, bearing large trusses of prettily flushed pink flowers. It is said to be perpetual flowering and, if so, its merits will be enhanced for garden purposes.

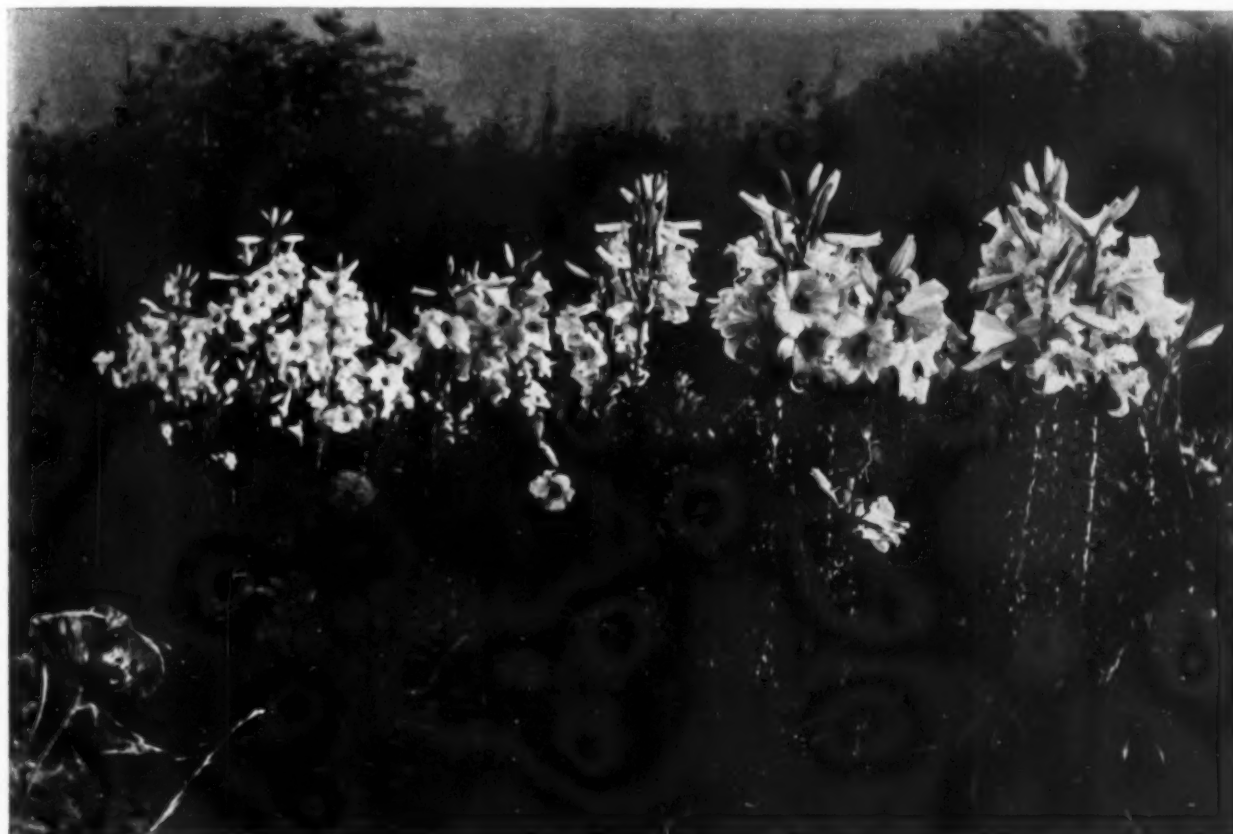
Other varieties worthy of special mention were Mrs. Maud Dawson, a delightful crimson bedding variety, which received a silver-gilt medal; Butterfly and Dorothy Varden, two semi-double pink varieties suitable for garden decoration; and Mrs. Arthur Bide, aptly described as a double Irish Elegance.



## THE NURSERY GARDENER AND HIS CATALOGUE.

I HAVE a great respect and affection for the nursery gardener, and loud as are our complaints of his many iniquities, I do not think we always realise how difficult a business his must be; for it always seems to me, though I am no political economist, that the laws of supply and demand are quite inapplicable here. Someone, for instance, suddenly writes to all the gardening papers about some plant which he has just grown with great success in his garden, and wonders why no one grows so inestimable a treasure; and at once we all write and order it by dozens, or by hundreds, according to our pockets, and the poor nurseryman has perhaps just lost all his stock of it in a bad winter, or it has for years been so unregarded in his catalogue that he has not troubled to propagate it. (On the other hand, he probably has thousands of healthy and well established younglings of some equally desirable plant which no one ever asks for.) What is the poor man to do? If he starts at once to "work it up" (I believe this is the correct expression), by the time this mysterious operation is completed, all his customers will be clamouring for something else. At the same time, there are certain things which I wish he would not do. I wish, for instance, that he would not send me artistically lettered and bound catalogues with names of seductive plants which he has never had, and is never likely to have, and I wish that, when he has got what I want, he would not allow some

shillings and sixpence a dozen. Of course, it was not *Viola cenisia*, though I was so ignorant that for one glorious year I thought I was growing what no one else could grow! Then there is another thing I wish the nurseryman would not do. Yearly he implores us all, with admirable reason, not to delay the planting of our Daffodils, but to have them snugly in the ground in September; but though I order mine in June, I do not get them till October at the earliest. And it is the same tale with the Lilies. With unfailing reiteration am I told to plant Madonna Lilies as soon as the foliage begins to die down—but can anyone get them? I cannot; and I feel it hard indeed when I have faithfully tried to observe these counsels from my youth up until now. One more fault and I have done, and will only sing his praises, and this last is a serious one, because it wickedly puts temptation in the way of the ignorant and needy beginner; this fault is to offer "collections" of plants at alluring prices. It is bad enough when it is a "border collection," full of fair and false promises that you will be able to do in one year what it has taken many a better man or woman twenty to accomplish, and worse if it is "bulbs," and criminal, indeed, if it is of the fifty or the two thousand and fifty "best rock plants." For it is better to have your own particular stone heap honestly clean and bare, and to order one thing at a time, as you learn its habits and requirements, than to have dumped upon you a reckless mixture of common Sedums and



Gertrude Boyns.

"THERE WERE ROWS OF STATELY LILIES."

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ignorant underling to dig up something which is (in his opinion) rather like it.

I have had *Iris pseudacorus* sent to me by a very famous firm for *Iris Kämpferi*. I have found a lot of six plants, from an even more famous garden, of a *Gentian* described by them as "*Altaica*, a fine Russian form of *acaulis*," to contain three *Dianthus alpinus*, one *Silene Elizabethæ* and two bloated and dingy weeds which may or may not be *Gentiana decumbens*—I do not know, and I do not want to know. And, worst of all, I have for two years been passionately weeding out of all my borders a rampagous and wicked *Mulgedium*, which was sent me to make a second clump of the restrained and lovely *M. Bourgaei*, and planted in my absence. We can all of us tell these harrowing tales, and we do not always, alas! in our inexperience and ignorance, know how we are deceived till a year of anxious care and waiting rewards us with some crushing disappointment and it is too late to seek redress. And this uncertainty of what you are going to get is, I make bold to say, highly demoralising to the amateur gardener.

You see, for instance, some longed-for treasure, after looking it up in twenty or thirty catalogues, advertised at a temptingly low price. Will it or will it not be the true plant? It may be mean to try to find out who sells it cheapest, but what are you to do when your garden extravagances have to come out of your dress allowance? And it may be a most insidious form of gambling, but, personally, I am ashamed to say, I could not resist the temptation, when I lately saw *Viola cenisia* at four

*Saxifrages*, with perhaps *Gentiana bavarica* and *Androsace glacialis* (which you certainly will not be able to grow) thrown in. But, bitter as these things are, they are all forgotten and forgiven when we give ourselves up to the enchantment of the nursery catalogue. And what a change is here! No longer a bald and arid list, but a page of science and poetry, cultural directions, birthplace, pedigree, family relationships, height, colour, time of flowering, and even the lavish affection or the incomparable frankness of such information as "An estimable and lovely treasure you cannot prize too highly," and "Miffy and difficult, and a dowdy pink if you do succeed in flowering it."

There are people who rail against Latin names and talk about (though they are seldom gardeners who do this) *Sneeze-worts*, and *Dog's-tooth Violets* and *Pretty Betsys*. Let them rave. Are these honey in the mouth like *Primula violodora*, *Primula sapphirina*, *Campanula lactiflora*, *Campanula amabilis*, *Lonicera syringantha*? It is like the chanting of the Mass or reading the Psalms in the Vulgate. What though (for the nurseryman apparently never corrects his proofs) the misprints may be "as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," though the botanist may change and double-shuffle them, though the Latinist may weep over them, or foam at the mouth, to the gardener they sing like nightingales in spring. Not even the discordant notes of the *Przewalskys* and the *Tchihatchewis* can quite destroy the melody (though, all the same, one does wish that there had never been any Russian botanists, and that the best new *Phloxes* were not called by such names as *Frau Geheime Untersuchungs*

kommissionsrätin von Boeningshausen, eminent and worthy of honour as these ladies doubtless are). There are people, again, who can spend happy hours over the pages of Bradshaw or Baedeker and travel delightfully in their company; but no flying carpet can carry you as swiftly as a page of the nursery catalogue to the high and raking screes of the Mont Cenis, where

Campanula cenisia or Allioni or Viola cenisia are making heavenly patches of blue in the loose, disintegrating shales, or to the sunbaked, aromatic slopes of the Mediterranean, from the Caucasus to Peru, from Alaska to Hupeh. Truly, if I had a nursery garden, I would print on the cover of my catalogue, "I'll sing thee songs of Araby and tales of far Cashmir." M. PEASE.

## KENNEL NOTES.



FAIRBURN FRICTION.



FAIRBURN FARRIER.

**ON THEIR NATIVE HEATH.**  
**O**N Scottish terriers first being exhibited some forty years ago it was under the name of Cairn terriers, and afterwards, for quite a long time, the general public, unconcerned with pedigrees and exactitude of nomenclature, persisted in calling them Aberdeens, a term which still survives. However, "Scottish" is the correct name, and to that we must adhere. When I first became interested in dog-breeding this variety had made but inconsiderable strides towards winning a place in the home as companions and guards, whereas to-day one cannot take a walk without meeting one or more. It took people some time to realise the dour, faithful, independent ways of this short-legged gentleman from beyond the Tweed. In some respects a Scottish terrier is *sui generis*, with many little mannerisms entirely his own. A man who has kept many varieties in his time once told me that the smell of a Scottie,

not in any sense disagreeable, is different from that of any other dog. Never having tested it, I cannot speak from experience. There is no doubt that he makes a pleasing adjunct to any house, which he will protect with all the fidelity of his large-hearted nature.

Regarded purely from the exhibition standpoint, the Scottie has had a set-back since 1905, a date at which he was in the heyday of his popularity. As West Highland White terriers and Cairns increased in favour he began to fall away, the registrations having dropped from 1,032 in 1905 to 600 last year. He is so well held, however, by a band of clever enthusiasts that it is to be hoped this decline is merely a temporary incident in his career, and it will be a pleasure to see him recover his earlier glory. There is room enough and to spare



FAIRBURN FROLIC.

for all the different terriers from Scotland which now occupy so much prominence at any important show. While the majority of the Scottish terrier kennels are situated in England, the names



C. Reid.

FAIRBURN FAIRY.



HOTSPUR.

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of the owners tell that patriotic forces are operative. The reason is obvious. Shows beyond the Border are comparatively few in number, so that anyone wishing to exhibit extensively has much greater scope in this country. A breeder who has done well with several varieties of the terrier family is Mr. W. P. C. Begg of Fairburn, Hamilton, some of whose dogs are illustrated this week. He first made a name for himself with Irish terriers, of which he bred a number of winners, but about four years ago he turned his attention to Scotties and West Highlanders. Placing a good deal of stress upon coats, he has no room for soft-coated ones, and to go over his little team is a pleasure to anyone who values this point. The chief stud dog is Hotspur, who was bought after being successful at a recent Belfast show, since when he has not appeared in public. Mr. Begg very rightly assigns importance to maternal influences, and his bitches have been chosen with much care. Fairburn Friction, winner at two of the Scottish Kennel Club shows, as well as at Kilmarnock, Ayr, Glasgow and Edinburgh, is a beautiful example of the Diehards, teeming with quality. She was bred at home, by Carter Rabbie out of Fairburn Fairy, whose picture also appears. She is a rare stamp of bitch for stock purposes. She is also the mother of Fairburn Farrier, a winner at Ayr, Dublin and Edinburgh. The only time Fairburn Frolic has been seen in public she was second in the Scottish Terrier Club Produce Stakes at Ayr. Fairburn Flame is another home-bred one that has carried the colours to victory at five or six North-country shows. The kennels at Fairburn are well appointed, with ample exercising ground attached.

#### THE BEARDED COLLIE.

THE bearded collie is so little known south of the Border that the only hospitality extended to him by show executives is in the variety classes, in which he has not much chance of winning unless he is pretty good. For some reason or other he does not catch the eye of the judge as readily as other breeds. Miss Beryl Thynne has recently purchased a typical specimen, which it is her intention to exhibit, and Mrs. Alastair Campbell sent one to several English shows last year. But for the untimely death of the late Mr. Panmure Gordon it is more than possible that a fashion for this dog might have set in. As it is, he is highly prized by the shepherds in his native land on account of his sagacity and indifference to the rigours of the climate. In appearance he has a superficial resemblance to the Old English sheepdog, being somewhat more lightly built, however, and carrying less coat. If he were docked, as the former is, instead of being allowed to retain his tail, the similarity would be more striking. The fact that his coat is less profuse does not count for much. The homely bobtail seen in country districts is quite as far removed as the beardie from the aristocratic splendour of the carefully bred show animal. His colour may be sandy, red, grizzly red, or slate blue or grey, without any white.

The sheepdogs described so lovingly by James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, are said to have been beardies. A portrait was painted of one of them by William Nicholson, the secretary of the Royal Scottish Academy. "My dog Sirrah," once wrote Hogg, "was, beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He had a somewhat surly and unsocial temper, disdaining all flattery, and refusing to be caressed; but his attention to my commands and interest will never again be equalled by any of the canine race. When I first saw him, a drover was leading him with a rope. He was both lean and hungry, and far from being a beautiful animal; for he was almost black and had a grim face, striped with dark brown. I thought I perceived a sort of sullen intelligence in his countenance, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn appearance, and I bought him. He

was scarcely a year old, and knew so little of herding that he had never turned a sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions, and when once I made him understand a direction he never forgot or mistook it." This is a point well made. Have we not most of us met these canine friends whose greatest happiness in life was fulfilling our behests, and who, in doing so, displayed intense eagerness, almost to the border of the pathetic? The dog seems to enter into our mind, anticipating our wishes, and revelling in the task set him by the man to whom he has tendered his fealty.

These qualities are more apparent in the sheepdogs than most, thanks to the cumulative force of heredity, enabling them to perform duties that are almost uncanny. The Ettrick shepherd relates that one night a large flock of lambs under his charge bolted in three different directions across the hills. "Sirrah," he said, "they're a' awa'," and Sirrah understood. He disappeared into the darkness. After a night's fruitless search, Hogg and his assistant were returning when, at the bottom of a deep ravine, he saw the flock in charge of Sirrah. On counting them, not a single one was missing. Hogg used to say that a shepherd with the

more with sheep than twenty men without dogs, and Buffon, in his chapter dealing with the subject, pays a tribute to the sheepdog that may fittingly be recalled: "This animal, faithful to man, will always preserve a portion of his empire and a degree of superiority over other beings. He reigns at the head of his flock, and makes himself better understood than the voice of the shepherd. Safety, order and discipline are the fruits of his vigilance and activity. They are people submitted to his management, whom he conducts and protects, and against whom he never employs force but for the preservation of good order."

If we consider that this animal, notwithstanding his ugliness and his wild and melancholy look, is superior in instinct to all others; that he has a decided character in which education has comparatively little share; that he is the only animal born perfectly trained for the service of others; that, guided by natural powers alone, he applies himself to the care of our flocks, a duty which he executes with singular assiduity, vigilance and fidelity; that he conducts them with an admirable intelligence which is a part and portion of himself; that his sagacity astonishes at the same time that it gives repose to his master, while it requires great time and trouble to instruct other dogs

for the purposes to which they are destined: if we reflect on these facts we shall be confirmed in the opinion that the shepherd's dog is the true dog of nature, the stock and model of the whole species."

Wherever we go throughout Europe rough and smooth sheepdogs exist, most of which have certain features in common, sufficiently alike to suggest a general origin in days far past. The collie is but a refined edition of a homelier model, while the bearded collie and Old English sheepdogs have their counterparts in France, Russia, Hungary and elsewhere.

#### POINTER AND SETTER TRIALS.

The twentieth annual trials on grouse of the Pointer and Setter Society (International Gundog League) will be held near Douglas, Lanark, by kind permission of the Earl of Home, on Wednesday next, July 22nd, and following days. Entries at the ordinary fees for the Puppy Stakes and applications for nominations in the All-Aged Stakes closed on July 15th, but late entries will be received by the secretary, Mr. Walter Baxendale, at the Hydro Hotel, Moffat, Dumfriesshire, up to Monday next, or at the Clydesdale Hotel, Lanark, up to 6 p.m. on Tuesday, on payment of an extra two guineas. Entries for the Brace Stakes remain open until the latter hour.

A. CROXTON SMITH



C. Reid. MR. BEGG'S PUPPIES IN KENNEL. Copyright.



## A SUMMER DAY.



B. Beetham.

HALF BURIED IN THE SNOW.

Copyright.

IT was May 14th, 1909. At the time I was living in my little cottage far up in the "out bye" lands, where the moor expanses of the Pennines give place to the rough stone-walled pastures. The spring had been a delayed and fitful one, and the day in question was so cold and boisterous as to have warranted abuse even had it been in the ides of March. Bird photography was for once proving to be less pleasant in practice than in anticipation, and as I sat within my hiding tent watching a curlew on its nest I shivered in the cold, and as the leaden sky lightened again after each drenching shower, I envied the brooding bird as she lightly shook the water from her feathers, while it trickled, unstayed, slowly down my neck. But much worse was to come. That evening as I recrossed the fells sleet was mingled with the rain, and before I reached the cottage great soft flakes of snow were falling fast. Throughout the night a perfect blizzard raged, driving the snow far

across the stone-flagged kitchen whenever the door was opened, and as the wind howled in the chimney and shrieked as it whirled the snow wraiths through the firs, I could not help doubting if the morning would find that mother curlew still at her post.

But little did I think what the morning was to reveal. Shortly after four o'clock I looked out to find a world of dazzling whiteness. All the tender spring vegetation was covered in a thick wrapping of soft snow. The currant bushes, already in full leaf, were bowed down under their unwonted load, the clumps of daffodils showed their presence only as domed hillocks in the snow, and as I looked towards the fells, where the curlew had her home, nothing but a blank white expanse met my eye. The temperature had fallen rapidly during the night, long festoons of icicles fringing the eaves of outbuildings plainly betokening a frost of no little severity. It seemed almost impossible that the curlew on

her open nest upon the ground could have weathered out such a storm; but hastily getting a camera ready, I set off, and having aroused the keeper, plodded slowly through the snow-buried heather to where we had left the hiding tent the day before.

When we reached the point on the moors from which we were accustomed to see the bird fly up, we waited, but no curlew flapped away across the snow, and now, never doubting but that she had abandoned the nest, we pushed on. Then suddenly, as if it were from nowhere, a bird sprang into flight not thirty yards away—a curlew, certainly, by its form and flight, but one looking strangely sombre against the glistening background. Evidently her head had been beneath the level of the surrounding snow, causing us



B. Beetham.

HIDING TENT IN THE SNOW.

The dark spot in front is the nest.

Copyright.



B. Beetham. GETTING ASTRIDE THE EGGS. Copyright.



B. Beetham. A CHILLY BUSINESS. Copyright.

to be as invisible to her as she to us—hence, and the muffling of our footsteps by the snow, our near approach. A moment more and we were beside the eggs. By some means the bird had managed to keep the nest clear of the falling flakes, and the eggs reposed, as it were, at the bottom of a little snow pit. That they must not be left long uncovered in such a frost was certain, and creeping on hands and knees through the snow into the hiding tent, which rose like a great white dome near the nest, we hastily prepared for action. Hurry as we might, it took some little time to get the necessary focus, for the tent, having first been wet, was now frozen as stiff as a board, and manipulation within it was not easy. At length all was ready, and the keeper, having concealed the entrance, not with the usual heather bunches, but with slabs of frozen snow, went on over the moor, taking the opportunity to steal a march upon his enemies by tracking to their homes such vermin as had been astir during the night. Sitting thus, as it were, in cold storage was but chilly business. The temperature was so low that the moisture of my breath formed a rime of hoar frost upon the metal parts of the camera, and I knew that unless the bird speedily returned,



B. Beetham. A YOUNG CURLEW. Copyright.

the eggs must be spoiled. Fortunately, however, the curlew appeared to appreciate the danger no less than I did, for hardly had the keeper disappeared than she returned; this time not walking stealthily and with much perambulation towards her home, but, for the first time since I had known her, flying straight up to it and alighting within a few feet of the eggs. The few steps she had then to take, and in taking which she constantly stumbled through being unable to lift her feet clear of the snow, showed the necessity for this unusual action and indicated how adaptable can even the pedant instinct be in some wild creatures. She never hesitated or once looked towards the tent, but daintily gave her feet a shake to free them from the clinging snow and then sat down, soon to be visibly shivering in the cold. I say visibly, for if ever a bird had the equivalent of chattering teeth it was she. The bill was held slightly open as when panting, and as she shivered the lower mandible rattled audibly against the upper.

The sun of mid May soon proved to be too powerful for the frost to withstand and, except in the shade, the snow rapidly diminished—on the sunward side the water was dripping through the tent, while on the other the cloth was still as stiff buckram. By noon the last trace of the wintry



visitation had vanished from the lower levels, but upon the higher fells the snow still persisted, as it did for many a day to come, behind the walls and in the deepest gullies. I am glad to be able to record that after all the hardships this bird endured she successfully hatched three chicks. Soon after they had left the shell we lost sight of them. BENTLEY BEETHAM.

## THE SKELLIGS.

WE seemed to move in an enchanted Fairyland as, from Valentia Island, we steered our course through the narrow channel between the black rocks and the green cliffs of the Kerry shore out towards the West, where on the horizon two distant specks rose dimly out of the ocean's vast expanse. As we drew nearer their outline grew sharper and more forbidding, and the sea, which during our three-hour voyage had been as peaceful as the surface of a river, began to heave and churn. Soon, the Small Skellig stood above our little boat, sharp and sinister, with stupendous cliffs, its jagged heights of reddish marble, one seething multitude of circling birds, huge waves dashing with horrible ominousness against cruel and defiant rocks. These rose like a vast buttress from the sea, protecting the gannet's breeding sanctuary from man's intrusion. Beyond, on the right, the Greater Skellig, high and green, raised its sea-pink slopes. Ever it grew more impressive the nearer we approached beneath the overhanging heights, which frowned down upon the cockleshell in which, oblivious of our nothingness, we steered towards its savagely inhospitable shore. Even on this perfect, windless, St. Martin's summer day the landing seemed formidable enough. Later on, when great gales come sweeping up the Atlantic, when whirlwinds rage and the waters leap and beat tumultuously against the eternally immovable rock, it is so impracticable that, last winter, the keepers of the lighthouse—the only inhabitants of this lonely outpost—remained for 107 days without communication from the outer world.

Underneath the dark and overhanging rock beneath which we eventually moored, a winding road, following the outline of the projecting cliff, leads round the sides of a fearful chasm, in which the waves break with a deep, thundering boom, to the lower lighthouse. On the right a flight of steps, 690 in number, broken in places, exquisitely lined and cushioned in banks of greenest thrift, ascends the dizzy height, on which has stood throughout the centuries the strangely interesting monastic settlement dedicated to St. Michael, of the history of which so little is known to-day.

The ancient Irish poet, Eochaid O'Flinn, who is the first to mention the Skelligs, described the island as the scene of the death of Irr, one of the three sons of Milesius who, in their attempt to land in Ireland, all met the fate related in the following lines:

The stout Amergin was in battle slain;  
Irr lost his life upon the western main.  
Skellig's high cliffs the heroes' bones contain.  
In the same wreck Arranan too was lost,  
Nor did his corps, e'er touch Ierne's coast.

In his "History of Ireland" Keating alludes to it as "a kind of rock situated a few leagues in the sea and since St. Patrick's time much frequented by way of piety and devotion"—a statement for which he quotes, however, no more authority than Dr. Smith, in his "History of Kerry," gives for his, that the monastery was founded by St. Finan the Leper, whose cell on Lough Corrane on the mainland



THE LESSER SKELLIG.

it certainly greatly resembles. The earliest authentic record of the monastic settlement would seem, then, to occur in A.D. 838, when we read in "The Wars of the Danes" that "Scelig Michil was also plundered by them and they took Eitgall with them into captivity and it was by miracles he escaped, and he died of hunger and thirst with them." This allusion, with two other dates, A.D. 950 and A.D. 1044, referred to in the "Annals of the Four Masters" as being the years of the death of Blathmhac of Scelig and of Aedh of Scelig Michil, together with a description by Giraldus Cambrensis of "an island in the Southern part of Munster with a church dedicated to St. Michael, famed for its orthodox sanctity from very ancient times," appear to contain all the available authentic information of the island. In his comprehensive description of the island, Mr. MacGinley writes that the Needle's Eye, the highest point, standing at an altitude of 708ft., can be reached from a flat



ORATORY AND BEEHIVE CELLS ON GREAT SKELLIG.

immediately at its base, known as "Christ's Saddle," and by entering from thence a natural tunnel—formed by large slabs of rock, some many tons in weight—from which a spiral path extends to within 15ft. of the summit, which is finally reached by a series of steps hewn out of the solid rock. Springing horizontally from the top, and directly over the sea, is a large stone measuring 15ft. by 12ft. by 7in., known as "the Spit." It is considered a very courageous feat to touch the outer edge of this stone, and any person so doing is supposed to meet with a legendary run of good luck. Leading from the base of the Needle's Eye on the north-west side of the rock is one of the original landings used by the monks, who were in no respect assisted by nature in the construction of the 437 steps, by which means the water's edge is attained at this part of the rock. Some of the stones used in the construction of these steps are over fifteen hundredweight, and the steps themselves remain to the present intact. From the eastern end of Christ's Saddle spring the steps leading to the Monastery, which stands 650ft. over sea level, fortified by retaining walls, some 5ft. wide in parts, and enclosing seven beehive cells, two of which were used as oratories. The more modern Church of St. Michael, in the structure of which mortar had been used, is now in a state of dilapidation, whereas the original cells, being built of dry stone and of "beehive" design, remain after a lapse of 900 years in a very good state of preservation. The walls of this church were raised from a rectangular base, with pitched roof, while the eastern end contains an arched window. The entrance door is of the same design as the entrance to the beehive cells, with the exception of the lintel stone which is much larger. Within the precincts of this oratory are the graves of some of the lighthouse-keepers' families who met with accidents and died on the rock before the station was made relieving.

Outside the Monastery stands a solitary cell, which may be termed a penitent cell, and immediately beyond are the recreation grounds, some 150yds. square in extent. There is also a subterranean passage in the enclosure about 30ft. long, the entrance to it being a perpendicular drop of about 5ft., but so constructed as to be very difficult to detect, the exit consisting of a small arched aperture, barely large enough to admit of an able-bodied man to pass through. Apart from the structural cells, there are others formed, perhaps, by eruption and in some cases by the monks themselves, consisting of huge slabs of rock of no regular design, evidently used as shelter huts while at work on different parts of the island. The graves of the monks and abbot are



in close proximity to the original oratory, raised off the level to a height of 30ft., and each individual grave is marked with a rough-hewn stone cross, that of the abbot's grave standing 4ft. high. There are also two wells within the Monastery enclosure which, from the fact of their never becoming parched, in spite of having been emptied at different times,



THE RUINED ORATORY WITH THE SMALLER SKELLIG IN THE DISTANCE.

the water finding its level quickly again, may be safely taken to be artesian springs.

The monastery encloses an area of three-fourths of an Irish acre. In continuation of the main steps leading from the road to the Monastery are other steps leading to the south-east side of the rock, and to a landing recently renovated and used at the present day. Although time has much defaced the regularity of these steps, there yet remains sufficient evidence to support the theory of this being the landing originally used by the monks. Leading from the cells to this landing is the "Way of the Cross," the cross itself being embedded with soil, but its base yet visible, while there are also five stones, arranged horizontally, overhanging a larger stone, representing the five wounds received by our Lord. Along this "Way of the Cross," from Christ's Saddle or the Garden of Passion, a little green valley sheltering between two precipitous and rocky peaks, the tourist of to-day with the pilgrim of old climbs up the almost perpendicular steps to the "Stone of Pain," commemorating the moment when Christ, bowing under the weight of the cross, sank to the ground. From this point, at the edge of a precipice, hundreds of feet above the sea, the highest peak of the island runs up into the sky like some vast spire, girt with buttresses and pinnacles, with fantastically shaped rocks projecting like gargoyles from the face of the cliff, one of which, roughly hewn into the shape of a cross and named "The Rock of Woman's Wailing," celebrates the scene in the walk to Calvary when Christ turns and says: "Daughters of Jerusalem weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

Holes and stones cut in the rock lead up the perilous heights to other stations, some of which can only be safely reached on hands and knees—piety and adventure ever luring the pilgrim on to yet more hazardous enterprise. On and still on we see them climb—each upward step bringing the soul a holier message of reverence and awe—until at last is reached the little passage leading from the garden of the monks to the plateau, on which are situated the Church of St. Michael, the oratories and the "beehive" cells, those curiously shaped dwellings of the monks of old, who sought and found in these hermit retreats the spiritual strength to fight and conquer the powers of evil and darkness. Of these ruins it has been truly said "that so sad and solemn is the scene that none should approach it but the pilgrim and the penitent." And although we live in a world to-day of few pilgrimages and of even less repentance, trivial indeed must be the mind which could view this holy spot without a feeling of reverence and solemnity. In their desolate beauty, in their primitive austerity, these buildings, set like some rough and uncut precious stone in a jewelled radiance of surrounding sea and sky, are essentially a place of prayer. Unconsciously the feeling steals over one of being softly drawn into that state of contemplation in which the monks of old found refuge from a life of sin and strife. To remain, one feels would mean being shaped like the surrounding stones into a calm and eternal holiness—to return to that world, which through the little window of the oratory grows ever more remote, becomes increasingly impossible. And so amid the ruins we sat and sat, and gazed beyond the sea-pink covered slope

into the great Immensity, wrapped in that silence, beauty and wonder described in the picturesque language alike of the Gael and the Arab as the "Three Veils of God." The abbot's grave lay at our feet. Beyond, a primitive and almost shapeless cross stood out between the crumbling oratory and a beehive cell, its low and simple doorway leading into a circular chamber, the darkness broken by a tiny window, above which the form of a cross can just be seen. On the height above, more cells; on the right, the cashel or enclosing wall in still perfect repair, rising sheer out of the edge of the precipice, 700ft. above the sea. A place of the dead if you will, yet not a place of sorrow; for the Skelligs are of Ireland, and in Ireland the dead are ever more alive than the living. The body of the abbot may once, indeed, have lain beneath the mossy ground, but his spirit was hovering on that September afternoon over the ruined place of prayer. The gentle monks were murmuring their orisons, chanting their daily song of praise, each in his hermit cell, while the great white birds, skimming the surface of the opalescent sea below, were surely those which flapped their wings and shrilly screamed when, over 1,100 years ago, the murderous Danes, descending on the rock, carried away the hapless Eitgall into a miserable captivity. Then, as now, in boundless silence and in boundless space the sea lay shimmering in all the sheen and radiance of the opal, while away in the distance stretched the soft poetic mountains of Kerry—that mysteriously appealing land which takes the stranger to her breast and tears the heart out of those who love her best. Time has brought but little change. Between those simple holy monks and their successors, the lighthouse keepers of to-day keeping their lonely vigil on the "last of God's fortresses in the Western sea," some bond of union may still be found. The beacon warning the sailor of danger to his craft shines not less brilliantly to-day than that spiritual beacon which, in the early days of Christianity, shone forth like a star from those remotest shores of Ireland and sent missionaries all the world over, to point the way of salvation to those sailing on the perilous deep of sin and temptation. Philosophies have come and gone. Religions have had their ebb and flow. The stars still move, however, on their unchanging course. God is in His Heaven still, and though we may no longer agree with the poet that all is therefore well with the world, we find ourselves to-day, in spite of all our vaunted progress and achievement, with more knowledge,



THE ROAD TO THE LIGHTHOUSE.

perhaps, certainly with less faith, still helpless in the face of circumstance, wondering and

Watching as a patient, sleepless eremite  
The moving waters at their priest-like task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shore.

EDITH GORDON.



A FAIR land. A land of wide spaces, of blue mountains which are purple in the dawn and rose red when the swift Southern evening is falling. A land of promise, and of rich fulfilment. A land of clear skies, of flower-strewn stretches, green vineyards and rich orchards, of grim grey rocks too, and of the wide Karoo with its uncouth, gnarled vegetation and its emptiness. But, despite all its beauty of mountain and veld, for nearly a hundred and fifty years the land rested under a spell of terror for the early voyagers in the Southern seas, after the dreadful day which saw the great Viceroy of India, Francesco d'Almeida, and the flower of the Portuguese fleet fall before the savage little Hottentots of the beaches. The seamen of Portugal shuddered and crossed themselves as they gave a wide berth to the land at the foot of the great grey mountain, forgetful of its name of good omen and only remembering how Bartholomew Diaz, broken-hearted at what he thought was his failure to find the route to India, had called it in his sorrow the Cabo Tormentoso. As the years passed and the power of Portugal declined, other storm-tossed sailors from the two lands that then held the high seas in their keeping landed on the white sands of the Aguada da Saldanha—as Table Bay was called—to fill their water casks and to gather fresh green-stuff for the scurvy-stricken men. The adventure of the Cape was no light matter in those days, and the toll paid by the eastward and homeward bound ships was a heavy one.

Two gallant spirits stand out from the crowd of brave adventurers—Humphrey Fitzherbert and Andrew Shillinge,

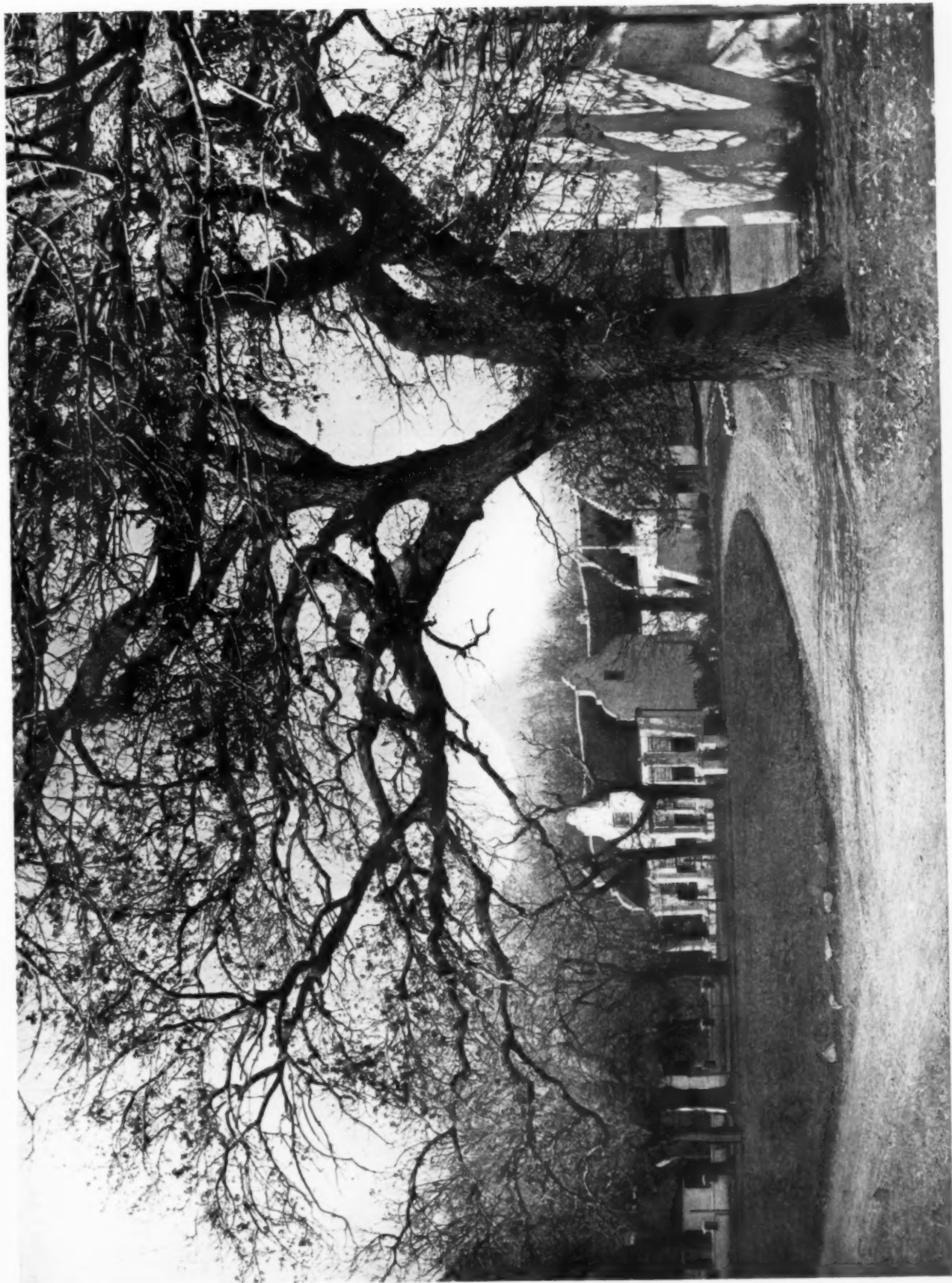
who in 1620 hoisted the flag of King James on the Signal Hill and took possession of the land in the name of England. But England was otherwise occupied, and had no use for the far-off, little-known Cape of Good Hope. So Holland caught the land from her careless hand, and in 1652 the Dutch East India Company sent Commander Jan van Riebeeck with a handful of Company's servants to build a fort and plant a vegetable garden, in order that a supply of cabbages might be assured to the fleets on their way to and from Batavia. I have no space wherein to dwell on the brave tale of this little band. The saga of van Riebeeck is to be read in the archives of the Cape, but of his buildings nothing remains, unless it be the foundations of his Great Barn, which to-day is Groote Schuur, the house left by Cecil Rhodes for the residence of the Premier of South Africa.

The homesteads of the early settlers were probably of a primitive nature—strong, as a protection against the wild beasts that prowled round the settlements, though without much thought of beauty. But as the new land thrived and expanded, and the burghers acquired wealth and leisure, the lust for building fell upon them, and the foundations were laid of the graceful gabled houses which to-day stand in the shade of their giant oaks, set about with wide vineyards and fruitful orchards. In 1679 Simon van der Stel arrived at the Cape as Commander, and to him and to his son, Willem Adriaan, who succeeded him twenty years later as Governor, the land owes much of the beauty of its houses. Both threw themselves with ardour into the work of developing the country on wider lines than had hitherto been



FRONT GABLE OF MORGENSTER.





A WINTER VIEW OF MORGENSTER.

attempted, both got into trouble with the Company in consequence and were indignantly reprimanded by Batavia for their habit of detaining skilled craftsmen on their way to the East. But we of to-day owe to this mild delinquency much of the loveliness of our old houses, the grace of their plaster work, and the finish of the hinges and hasps of iron or brass.

A little before and after 1690 Huguenot refugees who had fled into Holland from France were sent out to the Cape and established on the banks of the Berg River, from Coin Français, which is now French Hoek, to some distance north of the Paarl. Here they planted vines and built themselves simple houses, but so rapidly did some of them become men of substance that I have little doubt that many of the fine houses which are still left to us in this district are contemporary with the van der Stels. How far the style of the architecture was modified by French influence I cannot say, for the actual prototype of the Cape house

inner doors the brasswork is of graceful design—fine finger-plates and handles, probably the work of the men detained at the Cape by the van der Stels.

A characteristic feature of the old houses is the wooden screen which divides the entrance or *voor-huis* from the long dining-hall—the cross-bar of the H. This screen is sometimes finely inlaid with ebony and other woods, sometimes louvred, to admit air, and sometimes pierced or patterned for glass in a manner and with a grace which would have reflected no discredit on Chippendale. The screen can be unlatched and pushed back so that one long apartment is formed, which, in the old days, was used for church or dancing, according to circumstances. In front of the house, sometimes extending round it, is the raised paved platform called the stoep, with curved brick and plaster seats of graceful proportions in the corners. This stoep is sometimes shaded from the summer heat by a grape vine trailed over pillars, but more frequently the only protection it has is afforded



THE STOEP AT MORGENSTER.

is not known to me; I am unable to trace it either in Holland or France.

In the country districts the ground plan is in the form of the letter H lying on its side. A simple gable finishes each end of the uprights and a more elaborate gable appears over the front and back doors—six gables in all. In the Cape Peninsula, near Cape Town, the houses are more usually formed like a square U, with a paved courtyard between the two arms. Sometimes the smaller houses are T shaped, but this is only an incomplete building of the H type, and usually found where the large estates have been divided between the children, in accordance with the Roman-Dutch law of inheritance. The houses are almost invariably built of brick—very rarely of stone—and are plastered over and whitewashed. The rooms are large and lofty with fine raftered ceilings and polished floors of the native yellow-wood. The doors are sometimes formed of two woods—teak being used in combination with yellow-wood—and are very finely proportioned and massive. The front door is usually in two portions, divided horizontally, and fitted with well wrought iron locks and hinges. On the

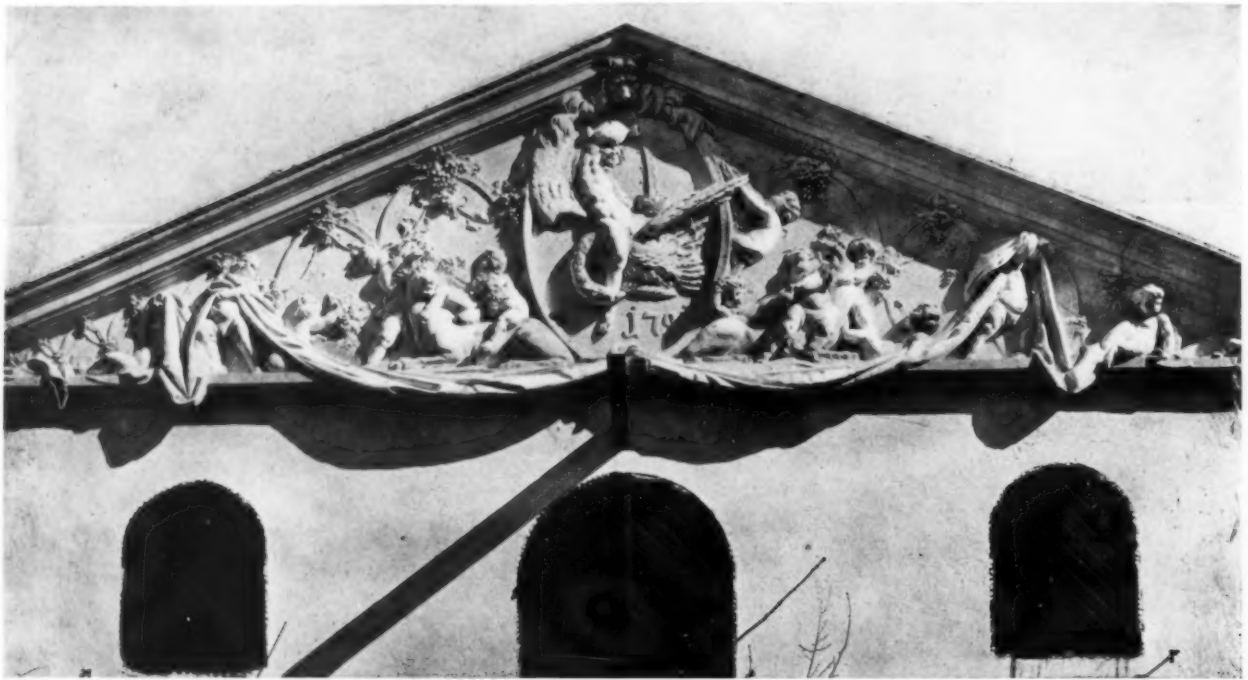
by the great oaks which the early builders invariably planted as close to the house as possible. The stoep is a delightful feature of a Cape house, but it must be owned that when it is unsheltered it leaves much to be desired on wet days. In modern houses it is usually shaded by a verandah, and many of the old homesteads have been spoiled by painted verandahs of corrugated iron, tacked on to the front of the dignified house. The effect is tragically grotesque, and wrath is only tempered by the sympathy one feels for the owner of the homestead in his desire to keep dry.

Not only on their actual dwellings did the old burghers lavish care and fine work, but on the wine cellars and slave quarters which were adjacent to every homestead. On page 94 is shown the wine cellar of Vergelegen, the farm granted to Willem Adriaan van der Stel by the representative of the Government at Batavia, which exercised jurisdiction over the Cape in all matters affecting its domestic policy. It lies not far from the Eerste River, about thirty miles from Cape Town, and here the younger van der Stel built his house and planted his vines and trees with a joyful confidence in the future of the land he loved, which breaks





THE GATEWAY, VERGENOEGD.



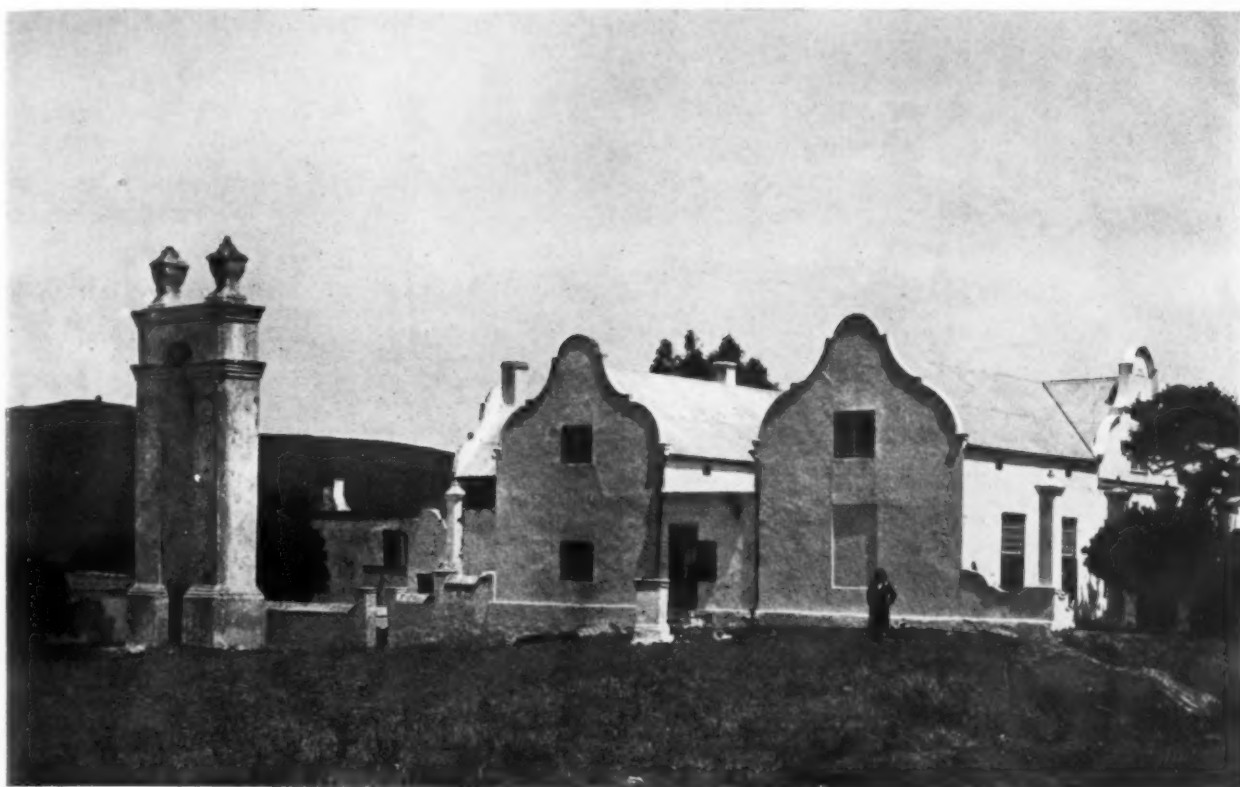
ANTON ANREITH'S FRIEZE OVER THE WINE-CELLAR AT CONSTANTIA.

through the formality of his despatches to the Company. His story has been told elsewhere by his friends and by his enemies, and I have no space to tell it again here. His was the fate of many who have served their country in the ends of the earth. He was conspired against, recalled to Holland, and died a broken-hearted man. His beautiful little house was partly destroyed, as savouring of "ostentation," but was bought by his enemies after his recall and rebuilt. Of late years it has lost some of its most attractive features, but it still retains the finest screen in the country, and such of the outhouses as remain are unspoiled. Vergelegen is shaded by

gigantic camphor trees and oaks, which are probably of van der Stel's planting. The fine old house of Morgenster lies close to it—ten minutes' walking through an oak wood which affords impenetrable shade on the hottest day will take you from one homestead to the other. This property has been in the possession of the Morkel family for several generations, the present owner, Mrs. van der Byl, having been born a Morkel. It is a homestead of singular charm, set among its oaks and camphor trees, its roses and grape vines, with a little streamlet crooning past the stoep. An air of leisured peace rests like a benison on the old homestead

THE WINE-CELLAR, VERGELEGEN.  
*A winter view of the camphor trees.*





MEERLUST, NEAR THE EERSTE RIVER.

with its graceful curved gables, on the fine outbuildings and the mighty oaks. The tall sash windows with their multitudinous panes are very dignified, and remind us that when these houses were built their owners possessed numbers of slaves trained in the good tradition of the Dutch *haus-vrouw*, and that the cleaning of these panes presented no more difficulty than the sweeping out of a room does to an English "general." With the liberation of the slaves came heavy financial losses to many of the old Cape families, and all too frequently the fine old windows in their teak frames have been replaced by large squares of glass set in deal—

"so much more easily cleaned than the old-fashioned ones, *toch!*" says the modern *haus-vrouw*, complacently. Not only have the sash windows suffered, but many of the old casement windows, which were used with equal frequency, have found a similar doom at the hands of the Philistines.

The *Secunde*—the officer next in rank to the Governor in the Council of Policy at the Cape—in the time of Willem Adriaan van der Stel was the *Sieur Elsevier*, and to him was granted the farm which he called *Elsenberg* and upon which he built one of the many graceful gabled houses which the end of the seventeenth century saw scattered over the fair



RHONE, IN GROOT DRAKENSTEIN.



THE WALLED-IN CANAL AT ELSEMBERG.

new country. Elsberg, now the Government Agricultural College, differs from most of the country houses in being of the square "U" type, though how far it is the actual homestead of the Secunde, or how far it was added to by a later owner, Martin Melck, it is difficult to say. But its aspect at least is unchanged, and from its stoep you may look across the vineyards and the wide Flats as Elsevier looked two hundred years ago when he bade it a sorrowful farewell. For he shared his master's hard fate, and like him was ruined and recalled, though the only charge which was brought against him was that of having built a "large house" on land from which two burghers had been removed nearly twenty years earlier.

The policy of the Dutch East India Company with regard to the Cape was a limited one. They were merely concerned that the gardens should produce sufficient vegetables for the passing ships and that the water supply should be abundant. On the other hand, the van der Stels, who loved the country passionately, foresaw its great possibilities, led the way in building houses, and pushed forward its development. It will easily be seen that these opposing ideals might come into conflict, and chief among the cabal-ers who brought about this catastrophe was one Henning Huysing, a shepherd from Hamburg, who had married a servant in the van der Stel family and had subsequently risen to great wealth and built for himself the fine homestead of Meerlust, not

many miles from Vergelegen. The house retains its spacious rooms, its polished floors and ceilings, the graceful wall cupboards and shuttered fireplace, though its external proportions have suffered somewhat from the corrugated iron which has replaced the deeper roofing of brown thatch. The tall belfry, which is shown in the picture, is a very usual feature of the old homesteads. From it pealed out the summons to the slaves working in the vineyards or crushing beneath their slender brown feet the grapes piled high in the great vats in the cellar. Meerlust, which has been the residence of the Myburgh family for eight generations, was fortunate in its

plasterworker—probably a clever Malay slave bought by Huysing. The outhouses are characterised by very graceful scrollwork, the hen-house in particular being built and decorated on very harmonious lines. Fine plasterwork is to be found on many of the old houses. The front gable of Meerlust is elaborately decorated. In the rear of Vergenægd, a homestead not far from Meerlust, is a gateway of fine form adorned with plasterwork—it is more like the entrance to a Spanish convent than to the backyard of a Cape farm.

As I have said, I have not been able to trace the exact prototype of the Cape homestead, though many details of the architecture were undoubtedly drawn from Holland. Many of the gables may be seen on houses in Amsterdam and other towns; the gable on the old Weigh House in Monnikendam, for instance, is not unlike that of Constantia. Here, too,

GROUND PLAN OF H-HOUSE





are the tall sash windows with many small panes and the heavy shutters with iron hinges across the lower half of the windows, just as you may see them on an old Cape house. But it is the ground plan of the H-shaped house which I cannot find in its entirety in Holland, though in the illustrations to Mynheer Tuyn's book on old Dutch towns and villages there is shown a house at Buiksloot which is not unlike a Cape homestead of this type, but less graceful and harmonious. I can only think that when Simon van der Stel built his gabled houses at Stellenbosch and elsewhere he had some such house in his mind but only local materials in his hands. Therefore, the walls were made of sun-dried bricks, plastered and whitened, the smooth brown thatch for the roof was gathered from the veld, the yellow-wood forests were cut down for rafted ceilings and polished floors.

The quick-fingered Eastern slaves wrought marvels in plaster decoration—in the Valley of Bo Vlei it is on record that all the gables were built by a certain Malay slave. Other gables show distinct French influence, and a century after Simon van der Stel came the great artist in plaster, Anthon Anreith. The wide stoeps and the pillars that supported the grape vines that sheltered them were probably inspired by memories of Batavia; and so, piece by piece, the Cape homestead was put together, and I think that when the old builders looked on their work it must have been with the knowledge that it was very good. A fair land, in truth, and the fairer for her white homesteads deep set in the shade of her oaks and pines.

DOROTHEA FAIRBRIDGE.

*The Country Home next week will be Gainsburgh Old Hall, Lincolnshire, the property of Sir H. B. Bacon, Bart.*

## DUNBLANE CATHEDRAL.

**I**F Saint Blane and his disciples built a humble sanctuary on the site of the present cathedral, nothing remains to show its extent. There was certainly a church of the time of the Culdees, and an inscribed cross of the ninth century was found beneath the floor of the present building. It is to Bishop Clement, who found his cathedral bare and roofless in the latter part of the thirteenth century, that we owe the fabric as we see it. Of the Norman church which preceded it, nothing remains but the lower part of the tower, and a few scattered stones built in here and there.

Other early bishops of Dunblane left their mark on history, notably Maurice, who won the favour of Robert the Bruce by singing Mass at Bannockburn on the morning of the battle. In the declining days of the Catholic Church in Scotland, the episcopal chair of Dunblane became the preserve of one family, for the last three bishops were Chisholms of Cromlix. The first of them, James Chisholm, was consecrated Bishop in 1487. He added two storeys to the tower and adorned the choir with some richly carved oak stalls, some of which survived the axes and hammers of the Reformers. In the

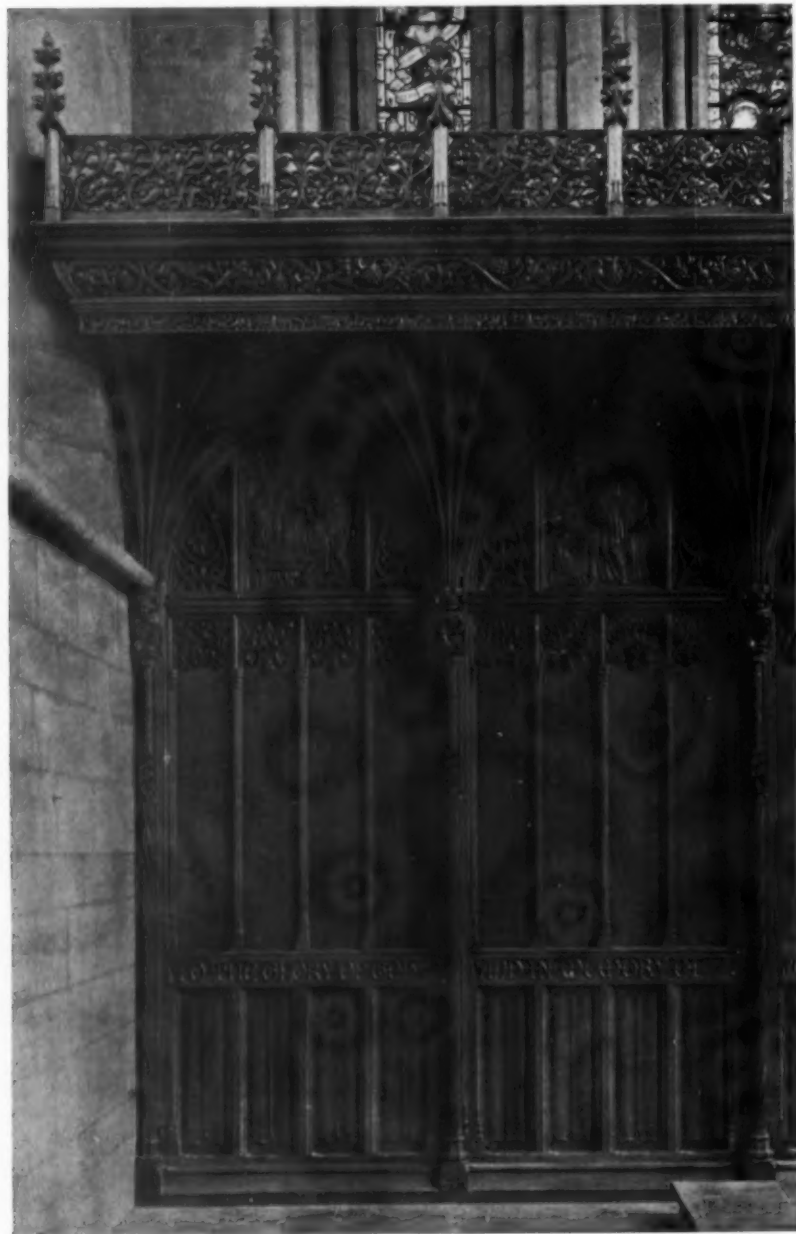
stormy days of the sixteenth century, churches were liable to be mishandled by the opposing factions. In 1559 the burgesses of Perth, captained by the Earl of Argyll and the famous Earl of Moray, then Prior of St. Andrews, did no small damage to the fabric. About twenty years later the General Assembly seems to have been alive to the beauty of the great church, for some repairs (albeit ill done) were attempted in one of the aisles. From then onwards the nave relapsed slowly into ruin, a process hurried by the fall of its timber roof. The choir was always kept in good enough repair for the uses of worship, but it was not until 1890 that the whole church was rescued from a state of general dilapidation. The last chapter in the story of the cathedral is not the least important. Owing to the generosity of Mr J. G. Stewart it was possible to revive some of the building's ancient glories by refitting it with the stalls and organ-case inaugurated when the King and Queen visited the cathedral last Saturday. The design of the new work was entrusted to Sir Robert Lorimer, whose fresh, albeit



SOUTH SIDE OF CHOIR: NEW STALLS AND ORGAN.

traditional, treatment of Gothic woodwork was so notably proved in the Thistle Chapel at St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh. It must be admitted that the sixteenth century reform of the Church of Scotland did untold damage to the architectural beauties of her churches. The lack of a reredos leaves the choir of a cathedral without decorative focus. Sir Robert has mitigated the bare severity of the east end by covering the wall below the great window with a range of canopied panelling in seven bays, having worked into their design panels representing the seven acts of mercy. This recalls by its form the treatment of a mediæval rood-screen, and an inscription running across it sets forth that it is a memorial to the great Bishop Leighton, appointed to the See in 1660. His character earned him the title of "Saintly Leighton," an epithet which could not have been

the Scottish Reformers called it, "a kist of whistles." The organist now sits facing the choir at a console, which has been so ingeniously placed that it cannot be seen, and all the great pipes are concealed



TWO BAYS OF NEW SCREEN AT EAST END.

applied to some of the bishops who governed the Scottish Church under the restored Stewarts. Bishop Burnet was no mean judge of character, and he said of Leighton that "he was possessed with the highest and noblest sense of divine things that I ever saw in any man."

The stalls and organ-case are successfully treated. The architect has shown once more that all the needs of music may be served without providing an organ-case of overwhelming or even undue projection. The instrument itself is of the largest and most up-to-date sort, but it has been encased without providing any semicircular towers of pipes, which are such a usual and unsightly element in organ-case design. A return has been made to the mediæval conception of an organ-case, which was simply a decorated box with an open front, or, as



A POPPY HEAD.

behind the pierced and carved traceried woodwork and in the space above the vaulted roof of the adjoining chapel. The carving of the case is richly executed, and, despite its intricacy, the general scale and proportion are so well managed that the complete effect is broad and harmonious. How much character is given to each piece of carving is shown by our illustration of one of the poppy-heads, or terminals, which finish the ends of the book-boards, or "haffits" as they are generally called in Scotland. In other respects the cathedral choir has been improved. A plain stone floor has taken the place of gaudy glazed tiles. Dunblane Cathedral always had a distinctive place in the story of Scottish architecture, and it is pleasant to feel that the twentieth century has added richly to its beauties. L. W.

## PLAYING . . . . . SALMON.

FROM time to time one hears people, when discussing the playing of salmon, remark that if they err at all, it is on the side of being too hard on the fish; they describe how they gave him the butt

and were not going to be played by the fish. And very proper sentiments, too! But, though this is all quite right for a fisherman of experience, it is talk which is apt to mislead, and to cause the beginner, at any rate, to think it is a fine thing to be very hard on fish, and to act and suffer accordingly. It is, of course, impossible to tie anyone down to act always in a particular way, as the conditions, circumstances and locality may vary so widely, but in an ordinary, straightforward river, as soon as the fish is hooked, for a few crucial moments, while he may splash and plunge and then begin a rush, it is wise to hold one's ground; then the angler should make his way to the bank, if he is not already on it, with such speed as he can, attending, if anything, more to his foothold than to the rod, so long as he keep the line taut. If



possible, he should get on the top of the bank, or anywhere where he has command over the fish and easy walking. As regards checking the line with the hand or not, much depends on the reel check and the line. Modern lines are so beautifully dressed, so smooth and so shiny that at first, until the thicker part of the taper has been run off the reel by the fish, they tend to overrun if a fish dashes quickly away. If one has a reel check heavy enough to counteract this overrun of the thick line, it is probably too heavy when the amount of line on the reel is much reduced. By an optional additional check with which reels are often provided, this difficulty is got over. If one tries letting the line through one's fingers, the result is painful; better than that is to check by placing a finger on the line on the reel drum, but better still is to wear a glove on one hand and to let the line run through the gloved fingers until the heavily tapered part is off the reel.

The knowledge when to be firm and when to let the fish run is, in the writer's opinion, the whole crux of the question of playing a salmon, and it is suggested that when the salmon appears to wish to make a run, so far from being held in check, he should be encouraged to do so. The angler should welcome such a course, partly from the pleasure which the sight of the salmon rushing madly and leaping should be to him from a spectacular point of view, partly because he knows that the fish is playing himself out. But as soon as ever the run is over, the angler should give him the butt, should reel in quickly and steadily and continue to do so firmly until it is evident that the fish is about to make another rush, when he must be allowed to do so and the former process repeated. Never must the fish be allowed to rest after he has made a run; the angler must be on to him at once before he has any breathing space. If there be snags or other obstructions in the water, then, no doubt, the angler will rightly attempt to hold the fish clear of them at the risk of breaking, though it is always alleged that if a fish appears to be about to go down a fall or rapid, and is given slack line, he will turn back as soon as the adverse pressure on him is released; but the writer, while fully accepting the allegation, has not as yet discovered how the slack line is to be given if a fish is running the line fast off the reel. Other points worthy of mention are the position of the angler in respect to the fish and the position of the rod; and, to take the latter first, the generally accepted rule is that the rod should be always held perpendicular. This is, no doubt, as it should be, except when

a fish makes a rush, when it must be lowered towards him; but there is a method only known to and practised by a few, which consists in holding the rod horizontal and sideways when it is desired to drag a fish towards one. The tendency of a salmon which is being pulled at is to swim downwards towards the bottom and outwards, and with the rod perpendicular he gets thus the best pull against it; but if the pull is exerted from the rod horizontally, the downward part of the fish's manœuvre is eliminated, and the probability is that the angler will be able to pull the fish round and get him sideways-on to the stream and so drown him, which brings one to the question of the position of the angler. Here, again, there is a rule. It is said that, so far as possible, the angler should keep above the fish at an angle of about 45deg. up-stream. Again very nice in theory, but if put into practice it makes the playing of fish rather a long and tedious performance. The reason for the rule appears to be that when the fish takes the fly he is usually in this position in regard to the angler, and that, by keeping the same position as far as possible, the hook does the same and is less likely to work out. If such a course were really possible it might be advisable to follow it; but when a fish, after rushing up-stream, rushes down, the hook is diametrically in the wrong position, and so it is often, and yet it does not come out. No, the advice of the writer is to lose no chance of dragging the fish down-stream. If space is confined, entice it up in order to be able to drag it down again and so drown it, and repeat the performance. There are some who are averse to these tactics on the ground that they are disturbing the lower part of the pool not yet fished, which objection may hold good if the water is very low and clear and the river narrow, but is otherwise hardly worth considering. What it all amounts to is that the angler should have a definite policy to pursue, though it may not always come off; he should know where he intends to bring his fish to the gaff, and, when he does reach this final stage, he should hold it firmly, more so than he has done at all hitherto, at the actual moment of gaffing, otherwise he does not give the gaffer the best chance of success. The angler may be sure that the longer time he takes to bring his fish to the gaff the more likely it is to get off, and he will find that by employing the tactics indicated he will not, as a rule, with game spring fish, take as much as half the minute per pound weight of the fish, which is supposed to be the correct time to take, in the landing of his fish.

W. F. C.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THAT wayward genius Mr. de Vere Stacpoole has written in *The New Optimism* (The Bodley Head) a book certain to arouse controversy. It may be said at once that the author lays himself open to many rejoinders, but let it be remembered that he is a poet and not a man of science. On that ground certain allowances must be claimed for him and certain deductions made. The man of imagination is often gifted with insight beyond that of any man working at the mere details of science, and it is very possible that Mr. Stacpoole may have divined the right conclusion, although it would be easy to trip him up in regard to his so-called facts. The main contention running through his book is one that we can all agree with. It is that he discerns, even in the new cosmogeny that has replaced the old, what Matthew Arnold called the stream of tendency making for righteousness, and his optimism is really submission. Apparently his singularly fresh mind has been deeply impressed by a study of the nebular hypothesis. In very unconventional language he alludes to the earth having been developed out of the roaring hell of fire. Mr. Balfour expressed very much the same thought in "The Foundations of Belief," only he took it at the other end, so to speak. Mr. Stacpoole's point of wonder is that in the globe of incandescent vapour lay our civilisation. Through countless ages it was out of itself to bring forth the motor and the aeroplane and the other inventions equally astonishing in the domain of physics, and, in that of mind to develop the poetry of Shakespeare and the wisdom of the East. Mr. Balfour, animated by a very similar idea, drew a picture of the earth when it shall have reached the condition generally ascribed to the moon. After so many million years more of distributing its heat, the race of men must be gradually reduced owing to the want of food, and the last of the race may be imagined giving a farewell glance

to a bleak and arid landscape where no animal life can be sustained, no vegetation can exist. His inventions and his imaginings, his deep thoughts and tender dreams will be all brushed into oblivion, and the planet remain as though he had never been. Needless to say, Mr. Balfour put forward this idea only for the purpose of showing that the Eternal would remain the same through all such changes. Mr. Stacpoole's argument is that matter, under a wise and benign influence, is continually engaged working for good, which he explains as an evolution of the simple into complex. It is not a very apt definition, perhaps, but read with the context it conveys his meaning well enough.

Had he stuck to his generalisation little fault could be found with him. After all, the wise man in every age has tried as well as he could to understand the conditions in which he had to live, and to order his life in conformity with them. Like the Emperor Aurelius, he in every age has found certainty and a kind of courage in this spiritual victory over himself. But Mr. Stacpoole is not so easily followed when he goes into particulars. His history of thought—or, rather, of thinking—is epigrammatic, but incomprehensible. After saying that the world began to think like a jelly fish, and then went on to the consciousness of the first reptile and, so proceeding, to manhood, he goes on to say that the universal brain is now developing on lines of its own.

A hundred—or shall we say eighty?—years ago the brain of the world consisted of a number of isolated thought centres. A thought took six months to reach Australia from England, and two days to reach London from Manchester. Then came railways, the printing-press, and the electric telegraph; and in a hundred years the universal brain was developed from almost nothing into a highly complex organism.

This is transcendentalism turned outside in, but it is remarkable all the same. Ruskin, another wayward poet, took a view exactly opposite in regard to railways, printing presses and electric telegraphs. He would have considered

them fatal to fruitful thinking or meditation. The very activities engendered by easy means of locomotion and transmission of news tend to choke the power of thought. At any rate, the last hundred years has not produced any thinker or any thought equal to those of the past. It would not require much ingenuity to work out a conclusion adverse to that which our author sets forth so dogmatically. When a young man in the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century made a grand tour he did, indeed, receive an education. Usually, if a rich man, he came back laden with the art treasures of the Continent, for in that way the galleries of our country houses were filled. He met the great men of the different countries through which he passed, and took time to listen to their conversation and give heed to their ways. The same sort of young man to-day rushes from place to place, superficially seeing and superficially hearing. If he reads the messages which are transmitted to him over the cables and printed in the newspapers, he will not find himself in the slightest degree oppressed with thoughts, although he will be kept abreast with the news of the day, and perhaps have reason to wonder that so much expense should be incurred to transmit gossip, accident, reports of divorce cases and those other items which constitute the bill of fare of the modern newspaper in all parts of the world.

Another point on which we feel inclined to join issue with Mr. Stacpoole is his exaltation of the family. Of course we are at one with him in supporting all that makes for the purity and unity of family life, but philosophically the family is not so important now as it was at an earlier stage in the history of mankind. When the Normans came to this country they were naturally anxious to found families so that there might be heirs round whom the rest of the race might gather for the purpose of defending the estates with which they had been invested. This was the guiding principle in the feudal system. The law of primogeniture, for instance, was reasonable when it was most essential that the family should have a head. In Scotland and other parts of the world the phenomenon was common of different branches of the same family uniting together as a clan, the clansman in many cases proving himself as affectionate and loyal as a brother. The total of the clans formed the nation. In our day the individual and not the family is the unit. It was all well enough for members of the same family to stick together when they owned and made their living out of a piece of land or carried on a trade. But nowadays, owing to the very agencies which Mr. Stacpoole belauds in another part of his book, the members of a family no sooner come to maturity than they disperse to various parts of the world. One may stay at home tilling his garth or attending to his estate, according as he is rich or poor. Another betakes himself to a profession, or has to be sought for on the sunny plains of India. A third seeks his fortune in Australia or one of the other colonies. And although their feelings may be as kindly as of yore, yet each is a centre round which gather interests belonging to the individual. Where the family has been maintained as it was two thousand years ago—as in China—the result has been decay. Thus we cannot agree with him in his definition of the State as "an agglutination" of families or homes. It would be easy to work out many other points of difference, but not much would be served by doing so.

As we have already said, the book is instinct with the poet's power of insight, and we willingly enrol ourselves among the New Optimists. They are at least a cheery people, and a man is likely

to accomplish more in life by believing in optimism than by embracing the creed of which Schopenhauer was the great evangelist.

## JOURNALISM AT THE SOUTH POLE.

"The South Polar Times." Vol. III., April to October, 1911. (London: Smith, Elder.)

THE third volume of "The South Polar Times" (for the first and second volumes were published during Captain Scott's first expedition in the Discovery to the Antarctic) has now been published. It was, as the Editor, Mr. Cherry-Garrard, tells us, "produced in three parts during the first Winter and Spring which Captain Scott's Expedition spent 'down South,' that is to say, between the end of the Depot Laying Journey in April and the start of the Polar Journey in November, 1911." The volume is a very human document, with articles grave and gay, and withal a sad thread of pathos running through it.

The work has revealed a new artist to us in the person of Mr. B. C. Day—though it has long been recognised that Mr. Day could turn his hand to anything—whose refined and delicate pencil drawings of Antarctic scenery have truth stamped upon them. Dr. Wilson's sketches are better known, and in this last expedition better than ever. Writing as one who knew him as an artist when an undergraduate, and for many years later, I should like to testify to the fact that his artistic skill steadily increased, until within the limits he set himself he seemed almost to have reached perfection. In this volume we have three of his characteristic sketches and scenes in the Antarctic, in each of which you almost



D. G. LILLIE'S CARTOON OF G. C. SIMPSON.

(Reproduced from "The South Polar Times" by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)



feel the weather and the temperature; but he has here opened up a new field, and comes before us as a maker of silhouettes of extraordinary fidelity and as a most resourceful designer of menus and frontispieces and flags of an heraldic type. As a caricaturist Mr. D. G. Lillie has been known to many of his Cambridge victims ever since he was a freshman, and he has in this volume fully lived up to his reputation. Like all great caricaturists, Mr. Lillie portrays, and possibly slightly distorts, the intellect and the character, as well as the outline and the colour of his subjects. Finally, a word of praise is due to the admirable photographs of Mr. Ponting.

The literary contents of the Journal range from serious verse and scientific lectures, such as that of Mr. Griffith Taylor, entitled "A Chapter of Antarctic History," and the short outline of Captain Scott, entitled "The Southern Journey, 1911-1912," to skits and parodies and comic poems of no mean merit. Obviously the best way to give an account of the text is to quote some of its contents. There is a fine poem by F. Debenham on the breaking up of a large weather-bound iceberg in Backdoor Bay:

Breasting the slow-heaving, limitless swell,  
Child of the snow and the far-reaching tides,  
Proudly I swing, sheer-riven, clean-cornered,  
Dipping awash my immaculate sides.

Drift of the ocean beneath me, compelling,  
Drives me athwart half the winds of the world,  
Soft tepid seas, embracing, encave me,  
Foam-lathered billows beset me upcurled.

Broken and tilted, sub-wasted, sea-drunken,  
Once more to the shores of the Southland  
returned,

Aground on a shoal I await the last mercy,  
Swift death and complete in the cold sea  
interned.

Others are in lighter vein, such as Mr. Griffith Taylor's poem on "The Protoplasmic Cycle," of which I quote the first verse:

Big flocs have little flocs all around about 'em,  
And all the yellow diatoms couldn't do without 'em.  
Forty million shrimplets feed upon the latter  
And they make the penguin and the seals and whales  
Much fatter.

Mr. Ponting has a talent for poesy as well as for photography, and in a most tantalising measure he hymns the everlasting question which vexed the Antarctic travellers' minds, the eternally perplexing problem as to which side of the sleeping bag to keep outwards and which inside:

On the outside grows the furside, on the inside grows the skinside,  
So the furside is the outside, and the skinside is the inside.  
As the furside is the outside, and the skinside is the inside,  
One side likes the skinside inside, and the furside on the outside.  
Others like the skinside outside, and the furside on the inside;  
As the skinside is the hard side, and the furside is the soft side.  
If you turn the skinside outside, thinking you will side with that side;  
Then the soft side, furside's inside, which some argue is the wrong side.  
If you turn the furside outside, as you say it grows on that side;  
Then the hard side's next your own side, which for comfort's not the right side;  
As the hard side is the cold side, and your skinside's not your warm side;  
And the two cold sides coming side by side, are not right sides, one side decides,  
If you decide to side with this side, turn the outside furside inside;  
Then the hard side, cold side, skinside, beyond all question's inside outside.  
AND it does not matter a particle what you do with the bally thing, someone's sure to tell you it's outside inside.

One of the features of the Expedition was, of course, Mr. Ponting's photographs, and "to pont" or pose for a photograph is a verb which merits the attention of the Editors of the Oxford Dictionary. Mr. Meares has

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E. A. WILSON IN CARICATURE.

(Reproduced from "The South Polar Times," by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

commemorated this in a poem, of which we quote the first two verses:

I'll sing a little song about one among our throng,  
Whose skill in making pictures is not wanting;  
He takes portraits while you wait, prices strictly moderate,  
I refer of course to our Professor Ponting.

When we started on the ship he was damnably sick,  
And couldn't take a picture for a day or two,  
But when he got about we began to hear him shout,  
"Please stay still for just one minute while I take you."

Chorus: Then pont, Ponco, pont, and long may Ponco pont,  
With his finger on the trigger of his gadget,  
For whenever he's around we're sure to hear the sound  
Of his high speed cinematographic ratchet.

The whole book is just a jumble of good humour, chaff, witty criticism of each other, with a few more serious articles, very like a College Magazine. One wishes space permitted a quotation from Nelson's "Lay of the Blubber Lamp," or from Dr. Atkinson's clever "Extracts from Some Antarctic Archives," or, again, from "The House that Cherry Built," by Bowers. Two outstanding articles are "The Bipes," by T. Griffith Taylor, recording the impressions of a "rabbitt" who, somehow or other, got among the company, and who throws a good deal of light on Antarctic manners and customs. The fun of the article is, perhaps, a little exoteric; but reference to the Editor's very copious notes at the end of the volume makes even the most recondite allusions clear. "Fragments of a Manuscript found by the People of Sirius when they visited the Earth during the Exploration of the Solar System" is another article well worth reading.

One of the most amazing and, indeed, terrifying sights revealed to visitors to the Antarctic is the "Curtain Aurora," which descends before their vision, a thin veil of misty light moving hither and thither, fluttering in folds like a garment, at times lifting itself and at times descending. There is more than one picture in the book of this semi-transparent, vaporous

veil, which is so vividly described by Gran in his "A Spring Night on the Barrier":

Night is there, but what is this—  
A golden mist, a band, a curtain  
Is splaying on the dark-blue heaven,  
And stars are fading, dying out.  
  
Mysterious the mist is waving,  
The curtain stretches out its tongues,  
Rays are coming, growing, going,  
The wind is whistling in the South.

The appearance of this amazing atmospheric effect must have been among the most awe-inspiring features of the weird surroundings in which the Terra Nova party found themselves.

The Editor has rightly put at the end of the volume Dr. Wilson's ("Our Bill") heart-stirring poem entitled, "The Barrier of Silence," which we cannot forbear from printing in full:

The silence was deep with a breath like sleep  
As our sledge runners slid on the snow,

And the fate-full fall of our fur-clad feet  
Struck mute like a silent blow  
On a questioning "hush," as the settling crust  
Shrank shivering over the floe;  
And the sledge in its track sent a whisper back  
Which was lost in a white fog-bow.

And this was the thought that the Silence wrought  
As it scorched and froze us through,  
Though secrets hidden are all forbidden  
Till God means man to know,  
We might be the men God meant should know  
The heart of the Barrier snow,  
In the heat of the sun, and the glow  
And the glare from the glistening floe,  
As it scorched and froze us through and through  
With the bite of the drifting snow.

When one calls to mind the mysterious veil-like aurora, and the fate of the five heroes now lying under the eternal snows, one can but recall Gray's solemn and sonorous lines:

Heav'n lifts her everlasting portals high,  
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

A. E. S.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### AN ANTI-CADDIE SOCIETY.

WE have lately been reading a considerable mass of criticism of the harmless, necessary golf which we shall continue to pursue for our innocent enjoyment, unaffected by all these comments. One of the chief points made by the somewhat heated writers has been that the game is an "effeminate" one—whatever effeminacy may stand for in the era of the "new woman"—that it does not demand of an able-bodied man, still less of an active youth, sufficient muscular endeavour to make an honest day's work, or play, for him. Another count in the grave indictment is that golf employs the caddie, and leaves him in the "blind alley," unfitted, as he grows to years of discretion, for any calling worthy of his manhood. Be our view of the former argument what it may, it is certain that there exists among golfers an uneasy sense that the latter argument is one of force.

Some of the critics who have written most censoriously have thrown out the suggestion, but in so timid and tentative a fashion as to reveal that they feel themselves to be advancing a proposition which is too absurd, a counsel too heroic, for reasonable

discussion, that the golfer might partially redeem the game if, instead of employing another to carry his clubs for him, he were to do this office for himself. Evidently it is the view of the critics that this is a desperate course which the golfer will never even remotely contemplate. Many a man will frankly aver that he would rather not play golf at all than carry his own clubs; but I can inform him, for I have proved it by experience, that if only he would make trial of this carrying for himself he would find that there were compensations attached to it which went very far towards making up for the slight extra trouble and labour involved. It is a great thing to have the clubs there, ready at hand, under your arm; there is much less of distraction and of wear and tear of the nerves in the process of selecting for yourself a club from the bundle under your arm than in requesting the caddie to provide you with a weapon as to the identity of which, unless he knows you and your clubs intimately, he is very likely to make a mistake.

Until you have given it fair trial you will not easily credit how very light is the labour. It is to be presumed that you will show to your own stalwart arms rather more tender mercies than to the little limbs



MR. ARNOLD READ.



of the caddie and will carry some half-dozen clubs at most. You may believe, too, that this is all that is necessary for every legitimate purpose. You will play none the worse for reducing your bundle to this moderate dimension, and may likely enough gain an advantage in the greater familiarity that your hand acquires with so few clubs. It has happened to me, living at the end most remote from the club-house of a certain inland course, to go forth, often without previous preparation made, to play the game, and, having no caddie at hand, to carry for myself. It is wonderful, after a round or two played in this single-handed manner, how accustomed you become to the bearing of your own burden. When the time arrives at which you may find yourself again at the club-house and the natural place of starting, where the caddies wait expectant, you will discover to your surprise that it is the caddie, and not the bag of clubs, that has become a burden to you. You employ him, probably, because others do likewise, and because he expects to be employed, but for all the good use that he is to you, you would sooner be without him. He has become more than a superfluity; he has become a bore.

There are one or two morals to be deduced from these emotions. The first, no doubt, is that the golfer, by the carrying of his own clubs, is not going to add appreciably to the honest toil of the game; he is not, thus, to redeem it from the fearful charge of effeminacy. That is a charge which golf may be left to settle on its own account. But another moral, more important, is that one way out of the "caddie evil" and the "blind alley" is really a fairly simple one—to do away with the caddie altogether. As for the existing caddies—those who are already committed to the blind alley—there will always be a few golfers of the middle age and of the obese habit who really do require their aid in order to get round the links at all. The ineffectives among the golfers will provide work enough to keep them going quite as long as is desirable. Now it greatly encourages men, human nature being of the

their game would not suffer from lack of him; I believe, indeed, that it would improve.  
H. G. H.

#### MR. ARNOLD READ.

THE two particularly happy hunting grounds of Mr. Arnold Read used to be Sheringham and Romford. Now he has deserted Romford for Swinley Forest, and has made a hobby of winning scratch medals at Sandwich with extremely low scores. He played very well at Sandwich in this year's amateur championship, and won a fine victory over Mr. Lassen and another over Mr. Angus Hambro before he lost, rather unexpectedly perhaps, to Mr. Mulholland. The best part of his game is, I think, his iron play, but he is also a redoubtable putter, in a style peculiarly his own. Like a hero in a novel, he "draws himself up to his full height" and lets his arms fall noticeably straight, with hardly a suspicion of bend at the elbow. Mr. Read has in times past bowled very well for Essex. He is a very determined player, but not quite so fierce as the artist has made him look.

#### MR. GILLIES' FINE RECORD.

It seems to me that the very fine golf of Mr. Gillies in the French championship at Le Touquet has not attracted quite so much notice as it deserved. Perhaps it really is that his merits are now so widely recognised that the fact that he should for the second year in succession finish fifth in a field of practically open championship strength strikes people as a perfectly ordinary occurrence. Mr. Gillies has a really wonderful record in score play this year.

#### LAST WEEK OF THE ARCHITECTURE COMPETITION.

This, it may be well to remind people, is the last week of the Golf Architecture Competition. Already a good many drawings have been sent in, and a great many more may be expected this week. Lest any architect should have a weakness for forgetting dates, all drawings must be sent in by July 18th. The awards will be published as soon after that date as possible.  
B. D.

## LORD WEMYSS.

MOST of our readers will, we think, agree that it is a very proper thing to put on pictorial record the funeral of the late Lord Wemyss. One is apt to think of him as *ultimus Romanorum*. There can never



A SCOTTISH FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Burial of the late Earl of Wemyss.

queer stuff that it is, to form themselves into a "society," dubbed with a distinctive title, when they are about to embark on any new line of conduct. We may, therefore, suggest the formation of an Anti-caddie Association or Society whose members should pledge themselves not to employ caddies, unless age, accident or illness has weakened their own muscle. Thereby they would save their money, they would condemn no more unfortunates to the moral *cul de sac*—that bunker from which there is no extrication—they would impart to the game a little more of that toilsome quality, the absence of which is so bitterly censured, and I am certain that they would not regret the sacrifice of the caddie, after the experience of a few rounds free of his attentions, and that

be another Lord Wemyss exactly the same, for he represented all that was best in a type of Scottish aristocrat which is being changed by force of circumstances. The mixture of kindness and autocracy in his disposition, his great public spirit and his stubborn adherence to the views and doctrines imbibed in his youth, make him stand out mentally as he always stood out physically—a commanding and arresting figure.

He was laid to rest in the Kirkyard at Aberlady with the simple impressive ceremonials befitting his life. His devotion to the defence of his country was well symbolised by the two pipers of the London Scottish Territorial Battalion who lead the funeral procession. The

lorry drawn by two great farm horses was the one used as a hearse at the funeral of the Countess eighteen years ago, and surely was no unmeet funeral carriage for one whose happiest hours had been spent among his humble neighbours at Gosford House. In a word, the Earl was laid to rest

under the very conditions that he himself would have chosen, that probably he did actually choose, and his death must ever remain as a landmark in the process summarised in the Tennysonian phrase: "The old order changeth, giving place to new."

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### NUPTIAL DISPLAYS OF THE BIRDS OF PARADISE.

**W**HILE there is a general resemblance in the behaviour of birds during their amatory moods, this behaviour presents striking differences in points of detail, even among closely related species. This is certainly true of the Birds of Paradise, though our information on this head is still far from complete, and most of what is recorded has been gleaned from captive specimens. The first detailed description of the love-display of one of these birds was that of Mr. Ogilvie-Grant, on the display of the Lesser Bird of Paradise in the Gardens of the Zoological Society. The performance begins with quivering movements of the wings, accompanied by loud and penetrating cries, like *wauk-wauk*, *wauk-wauk*, rapidly repeated. Then the wings are suddenly held out on each side, the tail is bent forward under the branch, and with a barely perceptible rustle the gorgeous, golden, diaphanous side plumes are thrust upward and forward on each side of the body, forming an arched cascade above the back. With every muscle tense the performer will remain in this attitude from ten to twenty seconds, slightly quivering the wings, and from time to time imparting a tremor to the upraised plumes. Then follows a second phase. Seemingly possessed, he begins to hop wildly backwards and forwards along the bough. Then, with head bent forward, wings spread horizontally, and the side plumes raised to their utmost, he gives vent to a series of loud, harsh cries—*ca-ca-ca-ca*. For some seconds now he remains in a sort of ecstasy, rubbing his beak on the bough, and occasionally glancing backwards below his feet, and with the back fully arched. The climax passed, he reverts once more to the earlier, more erect stage of the display, when the paroxysm either gradually subsides or is renewed once more. The display of the little King Bird of Paradise is, if possible, even more striking; partly, perhaps, from the gorgeousness of its plumage. A series of short notes and squeaks, reminiscent of the call of a quail and the whine of a dog, form the prelude to the performance. Then follows some play with the wings, when suddenly these are closed, and, facing the object of his desire, the real siege begins. The silky white feathers are puffed out, and striking "an attitude," he bursts out into a beautiful warbling song recalling that of the skylark. During the progress of the song the beautiful white side plumes, tipped with metallic green, are fanned out and the tail is tilted up so as to display the two central feathers, which are remarkable in that they are formed of long, wire-like stems surmounted by a coiled disc of metallic green, which, by means of a gentle swaying motion, are made to look like two green balls tossed to and fro as by the hand of some invisible juggler. Then comes the *finale*. The head is bent down and the mouth is widely opened, displaying to the full its extraordinary apple green colour. A few gurgling notes are uttered, the tail wires are lowered, the side plumes closed and the normal attitude of repose is assumed again. The Superb Bird of Paradise makes play with an enormous neck shield of long, velvet black feathers and a great breast shield of metallic green feathers. The singular Lawes' Bird of Paradise encircles himself with a sort of dancer's skirt, which looks as though it

were fastened with a buckle of burnished metal of a golden green hue. To these charms are added a very singular head-dress, formed of some half-dozen wire-like shafts, tipped with feathery discs. At the base of these strange plumes is a wattle of bright gamboge yellow surmounting the beak. Normally, the wire-like shafts project backwards on each side of the head, but during these moments of intense desire they are thrust forwards as in the accompanying illustration, drawn from a bird in the act of displaying at the Gardens of the Zoological Society.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

### NOTES AND QUERIES.

#### GREY-LAG GEESE ON THE SCOTCH COAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I saw twelve geese while bathing some days ago between Dirleton and Muirfield. On swimming out towards the rocks where they were they flopped into the water. One night, while fishing at about ten o'clock, twelve geese flew over our boat close to where I had seen them in the afternoon, so I imagine they were the same ones. Surely geese on this coast in July are most unusual! I should be much interested to hear if any of your readers have records of the same occurrence.—V. F. LAIDLAY, Dirleton, Haddingtonshire, N.B.

[It is not very unusual to see flocks of grey-lag geese on the West Coast of Scotland during the summer. We have notes of having seen flocks of ten

and upwards on several occasions in Sutherlandshire in June, 1902, 1903, 1907, 1908 and 1909. These were probably birds of the previous year, which had not yet begun to breed. It is also probable that in some cases the flocks were composed of old birds which had nested, but their eggs had been taken. In spite of Bird Protection Acts the nests of wild geese are still at the mercy of collectors and others.—ED.]

#### LARGE DEVONSHIRE ROACH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—A few days ago, when fishing in a private lake near Newton Abbot, I found a very large roach which had died from the effects of a jack bite in the back. The roach was too far gone to take home for weighing, but I measured it, and found it to be 15½ in. total length. As it was a thick, well-conditioned fish it must have scaled fully 2lb. The largest roach taken on rod and line in the same water, the weight of which I can vouch for, was 1lb. 9oz.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.



From a drawing by

LAWES' BIRD OF PARADISE.

L. M. Medland.

#### SEA BIRDS KILLED BY A VIOLENT STORM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Never, within living memory, has this district been swept by so remarkable a storm as that which arose, with alarming suddenness, shortly after noon on the 2nd inst. A vivid display of forked lightning heralded a cyclone of terrific violence, accompanied by a heavy fall of hail and large lumps of clear ice, and it was afterwards found that great havoc had been wrought among the sea birds at the Teesmouth, several hundreds being killed and washed up alongside Redcar jetty. On visiting the scene next day I saw the bodies of gulls scattered along high water line and counted upwards of three hundred within a distance of a quarter of a mile; in some places they were in groups of from six to twenty, and others had been driven against the sides of the jetty, where they were partly buried in sand. I was informed that a bogey-load had been taken away by workmen, and many wounded birds had sought refuge among blocks of slag or had wandered to the riverside at low water, where they were either captured by boys or carried off on the tide. Probably,



if the numbers mentioned be doubled, a correct estimate of the total casualties may be arrived at. Two or three old curlews and a duck also fell victims to the storm, and an adult gannet was caught among the bents on the breakwater. With the exception of a few lesser black-backed gulls the specimens examined by my friends and myself were *L. canus* or *L. ridibundus*, in the proportion of about three of the former to one of the latter. *L. ridibundus* were all in adult plumage; *L. canus*, in many cases, showed a few immature feathers on back and wings. Nearly all those I saw had broken wings or wounds on the head, and there can be no doubt that these injuries were caused by the large pieces of ice driven by a furious gale. I noticed several black-headed gulls in a dazed and stupid condition and weak on their legs. About a score of gulls were skinned, and in every instance there was evidence of severe injury from blows on the back, head, or wings. An adult curlew had its skull fractured in two places,



THE BEACH STREWN WITH SEABIRDS.

and buffeting by the wind and ice. Three live black-headed gulls were placed in a garden and all recovered sufficiently to fly off on the third day. I am sending a photograph of one group of gulls by the jetty-side which gives a slight idea of the scene.—T. H. NELSON, Redcar.

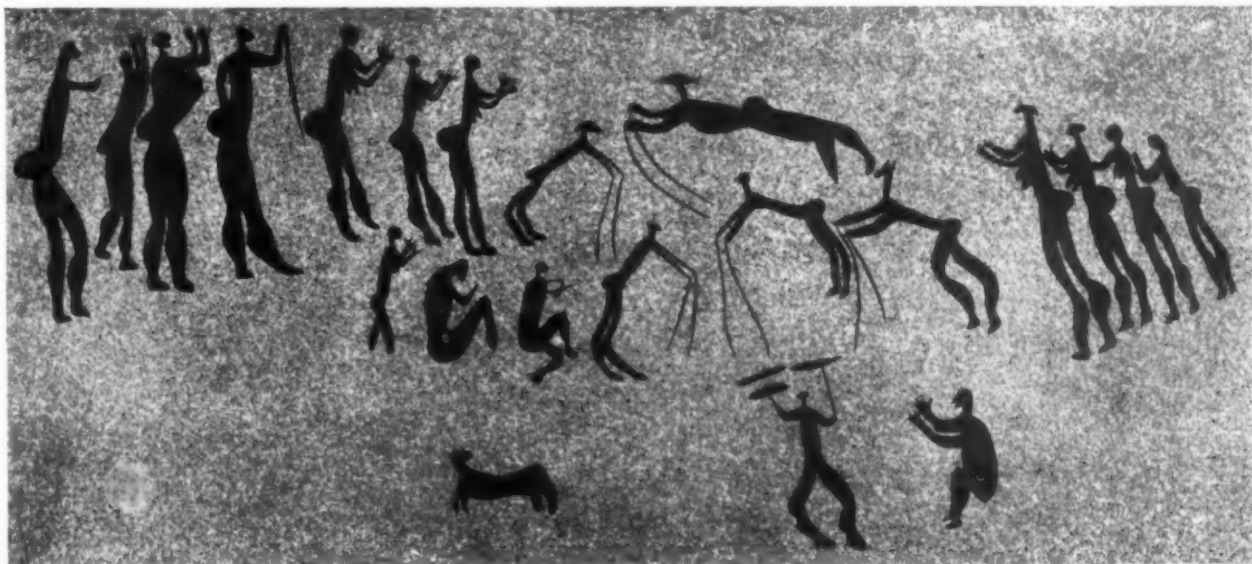
## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PREHISTORIC MAN AND THE BUSHMAN OF TO-DAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Colonel Willoughby Verner's notes on the prehistoric artists of Southern Spain are of interest to all ethnologists, and particularly to those who are

scenes, including cattle raiding, and in their pictures we find the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, giraffe, wildebeest, lion, baboon, ostrich, eland and many other antelopes. All are coloured with fidelity to Nature, the pigments used being natural substances—zinc oxide, various ochres, blood, and carbon



MEN DANCING, WOMEN CLAPPING TO BEAT TIME.

From an overhanging rock shelter at Orange Spring, in the neighbourhood of Modderpoort.

familiar with the Bushman drawings in South Africa. Even the casual observer must be struck by the extraordinary resemblance between the wall-paintings of the pygmy hunters who were the earliest known inhabitants of South Africa, and those of the men of the Neolithic Age, of whom Colonel Willoughby Verner writes. The great French expert on cave paintings, the Abbé Henri Breuil, writes of this resemblance in reference to the large

painting in La Cueva de la Vieja at Alpera: "Deux choses la caractérisent: d'abord la sveltesse, accompagnée d'un certain allongement général et de l'amincissement exagéré de la taille qui fait ressembler ces dessins à ceux des figures du sud de l'Afrique; puis la vie intense, le mouvement endiablé de la plupart de ces petits personnages qui, cependant, reste dans le naturel et n'atteint pas aux gesticulations désordonnées et souvent tout à fait irrégulières des hommes boschimans." Like the Neolithic artists of the Spanish caves, the Bushmen were hunters, and for the most part depicted hunting

mixed with fat or oil. The colours are yellow, white, red, orange, deep brown, black and—but rarely—blue. A distinct knowledge of the rudiments of perspective is shown, and sometimes the colours are shaded. Occasionally the pictures show domestic scenes, and a dog is introduced, while many religious and symbolic episodes occur. Others illustrate dancing. A particularly interesting group of dancing women is shown by Miss Helen Tongue in her finely illustrated book on Bushman drawings, published by the Clarendon Press, with notes by the artist and Miss Dorothea Bleek. The figures afford a curious contrast to the dancers of the Spanish caves. Sometimes it is the men who are dancing, and the women sit by and clap their



THREE WOMEN, PROBABLY DANCERS.

From a rock shelter north of Ladybrand.



ILLUSTRATING THE FINAL SCENE IN A BUSHMAN STORY.

The Mantis, having assumed the appearance of a dead hartebeest, is cut up by the children, then resumes his own shape and chases them.

hands to beat time, or they are depicted wearing the heads of animals—reminiscent of Egyptian mythology at the first glance, but probably only a hunter's wife. One picture shows a scene in the old Bushman fairy tale of the Mantis who took the form of a dead hartebeest and was found by some children and cut to pieces, in order that they might carry it home. On the way back the head began to speak, the pieces joined themselves together, and the picture shows the terrified children escaping from the reconstructed Mantis. No one knows how many ages have passed since the Bushman first came into the land and painted its animals on the walls of his rock caves. The French anthropologist, M. de Quatrefages, thinks that this race of pygmy hunters was cradled in Southern Asia, and that one stream poured west and south into Africa and another eastward into Japan. According to Mr. G. W. Stow ("The Native Races of South Africa"), two distinct groups found their way to the extreme South. One he calls the Painters or Cave-dwellers, the other the Sculptors or Kopje-dwellers. He considers that the work indicates three periods of evolution—the earliest and crudest, the period when the art of painting and of chipping out designs with hard-pointed stones reached its highest level, and a period of decadence when the Bushmen were harried by their enemies and dispossessed of their land. But these are points on which ethnologists differ. There is much still to be learned of the little people who once owned South Africa and of whom in another generation nothing will remain but the shadow of a name and the paintings that are so strangely akin to the cave-pictures of Southern Spain. Among the drawings reproduced by Miss Tongue is one taken from the wall of a cave at Haco, near Clocolan. It consists of a number of black signs and oddly shaped symbols of which the meaning is unknown. Among them is an object which looks like the broken fragment of a rake, with only four teeth remaining. The facsimile of this sign, in red, was traced by the Abbé Henri Breuil from a wall-painting in a cave at Cogul in Spain. It is a sheer waste of time for those of us who are unlearned to speculate on the nature of the link between two groups of artists working on similar lines, five thousand miles apart, in the far-off days when the world was new. Perhaps some day ethnology may make it clear to us. For though the Bushman survived his "rival of Solutré" and continued to paint the walls of his caves until the white man shot him down, there is no reason to suppose that his style differed materially from that of his prehistoric ancestor. Through the ages that saw Praxiteles and Pheidias he chipped away at his elephants and ostriches with his primitive stone implement. When Leonardo da Vinci was painting the "Mona Lisa" he was depicting his dancing women and his scenes from folklore as his fathers had painted them before him. And all the while the cave artists of Southern Spain, whose work resembles his so closely, were sleeping where Colonel Willoughby Verner found their bones.—DOROTHEA FAIRBRIDGE.

[With the courteous permission of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, these prehistoric pictures are reproduced from the book of Bushman Paintings copied by Miss Helen Tongue, with a preface by Henry Balfour.—Ed.]

#### WHAT IS THE BEST ASPECT FOR HOUSES?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This is rather a case of *De gustibus*, etc., but it is clear to me that, though living-rooms with a south aspect may do well for invalids, they do not suit healthy people. "Properly constructed shutters" may keep heat out, but if efficient for that purpose they make the rooms dark. I have lived in my present house for fifteen years and regard its aspect as practically perfect. The drawing-rooms and dining-room face about east-south-east; the dining-room is in a wing. The result is that the sun is off the dining-room at 10 a.m., and off the drawing-rooms at 1.30 p.m. on the average, thus getting morning sun in the winter and not too much in the summer. Outside Venetians and open windows at night enable the temperature to be so regulated that on a blazing hot afternoon I have known it 12deg. and 14deg. cooler in the drawing-rooms than in the garden shade. The aspect for bedrooms does not so much signify, as they are only occupied by night, and with the help of outside Venetians and open windows at night existence can be made tolerable, unless, of course, they are on the top floor of the house, and so under the roof. I found recently a new rectory house constructed with its angles directed to the four cardinal points, and was told that this was by the direction of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Bearing in mind the aspect of my house, I thought the decision one of sound sense, as besides avoiding excess of sun on the living-rooms, it ensures that all four sides of the house should get some sun during the year.—H. BRETON (Colonel).



ENJOYING THEIR MUD BATH.

#### A PIGEON STORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may think the enclosed cutting from the Bangalore *Daily Post* of sufficient interest for insertion in your paper, which I weekly enjoy. The following is the extract referred to:

"Early in 1910 I had 6 young birds from the High Ground loft; during the annual Races, June to Sept., one of them, a blue Hen, stud number 41, got lost at the Haveri stage 245 miles, and was not seen or heard of again, until a few days ago, when I found her perched in the fowl house (her original home). This bird has been away nearly four years, and returned a mere skeleton. She was most likely chased off her course by a hawk, and has been roaming about ever since trying to find the right track home. It shows the indomitable pluck and perseverance displayed by these wonderful birds in their love of home."

—H. W. RAIKES, Chickmugalur, Mysore Province, South India.

#### A STRAY BADGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent volume on Natural History by several well known authors. I see it stated that "the badger is still to be found in every county in England," and they are certainly plentiful in North Bucks, but rare in these woods, and it is therefore all the more regrettable that a splendid specimen should have been accidentally shot last month. This occurred, of course, after dusk, and through the badger being in close company with a mangy fox, which our keeper had just fired at. Both he and the woodman with him seem to have been too overcome by its evil odour to do more than hastily bury both! A few days previously a mysterious creature was reported from a garden some miles away, which, on being disturbed, scaled the wall, swam the river and disappeared! I have little doubt as to this being the same badger which has just been shot here.—M. S. S., Hedgerley.

#### DEAD WOOD AT THE TOP OF OAK TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Have any of your readers noticed how the tops of apparently healthy oaks are failing this year? In Kentish oak woods I have noticed a number of these oaks with a large patch of dead wood at the very top of the tree, and a friend who was with me, who is a rather keen observer, told me that he had noticed the same disease in other parts of the country as he travelled through it. Have others of your readers noticed this? Is there any explanation?—D.

#### DRAUGHT ANIMALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You published a photograph of a camel mail cart, taken by myself, in the issue of your journal dated March 28th last. I am now sending you another photograph showing water buffaloes used for haulage purposes having their midday mud bath, without which they cannot, or will not, work. They wallow in the slime and lie there for a considerable time. When they come up out of the pond or ditch, the sun rapidly cakes the mud on their hides and forms a protection against flies. These buffalo are used for hauling ploughs in the paddy fields, as well as in carts.

They also seem to have a distinct antipathy to white people, although the Malays, the children even, can make them do what they want them to do. The spread of horns is enormous, and altogether they are very ugly customers to meet with when they are unattended. This photograph was taken on a rubber estate up country in Sumatra.—L. DE M. M.

#### THE "BIRTH-PLACE" OF "WAVERLEY."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In connection with the centenary of "Waverley," the accompanying photograph of Queen Hoo Hall, near Bramfield, in Herts, may be of some interest to your readers. Queen

Hoo Hall is intimately associated with Sir Walter Scott's career as a writer of romance; in fact, it has been styled the "Birthplace of the Waverley Novels." The originator of this phrase was probably a Hertfordshire man anxious to glorify his native county, but his boastful claim cannot be brushed aside as mere hyperbole. Had it not been for Queen Hoo Hall, the name of Walter Scott might only have been known to the world as that of a poet, and our libraries have been all the poorer by the absence of the "Waverley Novels." Let me explain. In the latter part of the eighteenth century lived Joseph Strutt, a profuse and painstaking writer on antiquarian subjects and the author of the "Sports and Pastimes



of the People of England," a work familiar to most readers of COUNTRY LIFE. At the age of fifty-two Strutt commenced a romance entitled "Queen Hoo Hall," the object of which was to illustrate the manners, customs and language of the English people during the reign of Henry VI. Strutt did not live to complete the work. On his death in 1802 the manuscript was placed by the first John Murray in the hands of Scott with a request that he would edit it and complete it for publication. Scott appears to have taken great interest in the task, touching up and rewriting some of the antiquary's stodgy text and adding some concluding chapters, one describing an Old English hunting party in the "Wizard's" best style. In his General Preface to "Waverley" Scott admits that the editing and completing of "Queen Hoo Hall" was a step in his advance towards romantic composition, and that his association with Strutt's story largely suggested to him the completion and publication of "Waverley," which he had commenced some three years previously and abandoned. "Queen Hoo Hall" was issued from the press in 1808 in four small volumes, but, to quote Scott's own words, "it was not a success owing to the language being too ancient and too free a display of the author's antiquarian knowledge." It is quite clear that the completion of "Queen Hoo Hall" was the "trial gallop" which revealed to Scott what he could do as a writer of romance. Hitherto, to continue my Newmarket metaphor, he had, as a poet, confined himself to what may be regarded as five-furlong "sprints." He now realised that his pen possessed those "staying" powers which might enable him to achieve success over two mile—or, rather, three-volume—courses. Scott admits that while engaged



ROOTS THAT MARK A ONE-TIME FOREST IN THE GALLOWAY MOUNTAINS.

Enoch is sixteen hundred and fifty feet above the sea. There is not a single tree to be seen anywhere near this loch, but there are many old roots like that in the photograph.—C. H. DICK.

## ANIMALS AND BIRDS OF PREY IN SCANDINAVIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Although the Government pays over 100,000kr. a year in the shape of rewards for the killing of animals and birds of prey in Sweden, no diminution in the numbers of these worth speaking about would seem to have been effected. Last year they accounted for 63,743 fowls, 4,449 reindeer, 3,092 sheep and 23 goats, of the value of about 138,644kr. In Norrbottens Lehn the value of the creatures destroyed amounted to 26,672kr., in Värderbottens Lehn to 10,311kr., and in Jämtland to 8,519kr. Reindeer killed by wolves constituted the principal item for these Northern regions. In Kronoberg's Lehn the value of the sheep and poultry destroyed amounted to 8,286kr.; in Skaraberg's Lehn to 8,169kr., in Älfsberg's Lehn to 8,237kr., in Kalmar Lehn to 7,028kr., in Kristianstad's Lehn to 6,714kr., in Halland's Lehn to 6,379kr. and in Upsala's Lehn to 6,698kr. Wolves are increasing very considerably in numbers in certain parts of Lapland, and last winter some of them were actually seen within ten or twelve miles of Östersund, Jämtland. During the last twelve years, according to the official figures, 124 bears, 324 wolves, 175 lynxes, 992 gluttons, 253,406 foxes, 50,822 seals, 175,975 eagles, eagle owls, falcons and hawks, and 2,400,000 grey crows have been killed in Sweden. In Norway last year 27 bears, 31 wolves, 38 lynxes, 37 gluttons, 10,325 foxes, 1,510 martens and 1,266 otters were killed, as against 16 bears, 45 wolves, 35 lynxes, 36 gluttons, 11,022 foxes, 1,644 martens and 1,454 otters in 1912.—L.

## AN OAK BY THE FOSSE WAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the following particulars of an oak may interest your readers. It is growing close to the Fosse Way, about 45yds. from the road from Kineton to Wellesbourne, Warwick, on the south-western side of the crossing: Girth about 3ft. above ground, 24ft. 7in.; girth of branch that joins trunk about 4ft. from ground, 10ft. 2in.; spread of branch from trunk (almost horizontally)—the point of the branch is dead and some of the point gone, so that originally the spread has been greater—51ft. There were six branches about the size of the one measured; one has been broken off close to the trunk, by lightning probably, also smaller ones. The tree, as you will gather, is of



QUEEN HOO HALL.

on "Queen Hoo Hall" his thoughts returned more than once to the tale he had actually commenced, and the lost sheets of which accident at length threw in his way. The accident referred to was the historical discovery of the "Waverley" manuscript in an old writing-desk while looking for fishing tackle. That famous incident in the lumber-room may, of course, only have been a matter of flies and lines, but the possibility of retrieving that discarded "copy" which "Queen Hoo Hall" had made him regard in a new and rosier light must have given a zest to the hunt, if it was not the chief incentive! I am not prepared to justify the designation of the "Birthplace of Waverley" as applied to Queen Hoo Hall, but I think I have sufficiently shown that the phrase is not altogether fanciful.—J. B. TWYCCROSS.

## SALMON LEAPING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

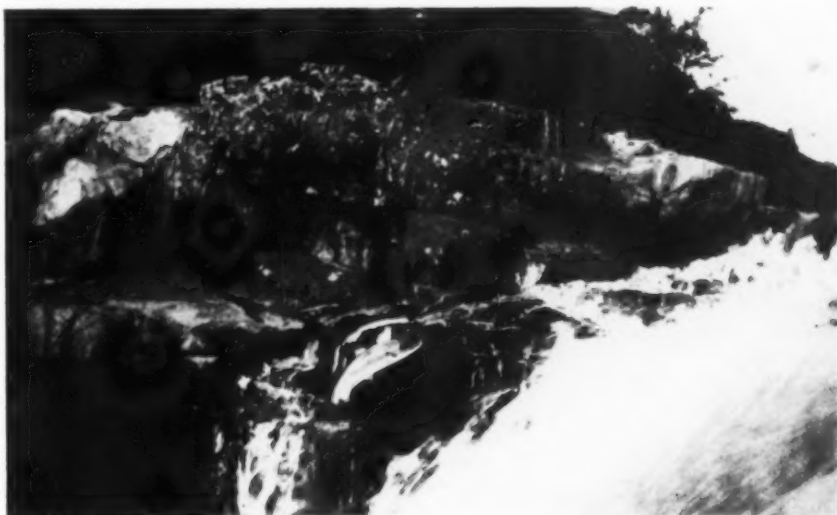
SIR,—Sir George Chubb thinks you may like to have for reproduction enclosed photographs of salmon leaping at the Tummel Falls, near Pitlochry, on June 17th last. The photographs were taken by Miss Chubb, Sir George's eldest daughter. The more remarkable photograph of the two is the one marked B, where a salmon is seen in the middle of the picture high up in the air.—I. M. FOX.

[We have pleasure in showing the more remarkable of the two photographs.—ED.]

## FELL FORESTS OF THE PAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In connection with the letter on this subject which you published in COUNTRY LIFE for July 11th, the enclosed photograph may be of interest. It was taken a little above the level of Loch Enoch, in the heart of the Galloway mountain wilderness. Loch



A SALMON'S LEAP, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE TUMMEL FALLS.



most irregular growth, and on that account very interesting. This tree, of course, will not compare with Lord Powis' oaks. Those were well grown trees, with good trunks; this one has practically no trunk, as you may judge when the main branch, at 2ft. from trunk, is only 3ft. from ground. At a distance of 22ft. from trunk it forks—at the middle of the 22ft. The quarter girth is 2ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. The trunk I made out 10ft. 6in. high to where the branches divide. It is a most irregular tree, of immense branches. I should judge it quite 1,000 years old, and that the seed or sapling was injured, to account for its extraordinary growth. There are plenty of solitary trees near that are of ordinary shape and growth. Height, 50ft.; girth 3ft. above ground, 24ft. 7in.; cubic contents, 1,174ft. (No timber has been measured of less than 6in. quarter girth.)—E. P.

#### A TAME WILD BOAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may like to publish the enclosed photograph of a tame wild boar which was found in the forest in Silesia when six weeks old, evidently deserted by its mother. It was brought up with a bottle, and is now a year old. When taken for walks in the forest the boar follows like a dog, but is afraid of its own kind. It takes food from your hand and is great friends



FEEDING TIME.

with a German sheep dog. — M. VON VELTHEIM, Breslau.

#### THE WEIGHTS OF YOUNG GOATS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As some of your readers are interested in goat breeding, I am sending you the weights of two pure-bred Anglo-Nubian nanny kids, by Norman Ligmor out of Coxhill Lemoniada. Twenty-eight hours after birth these

kids weighed respectively 8lb. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. and 8lb. 10oz., and a week later their respective weights were 12lb. 6oz. and 12lb. 3oz. I have been informed that these weights are above the average for Anglo-Nubians, and I should be much obliged if you could state if this is so or not. Special pains were taken in the care and feeding of the mother, who is a great pet; which, perhaps, accounts for the high weight at birth, as in breeding all animals, the condition of the dam during gestation largely determines the weight of the offspring. —MARY D. FORT.

#### A CURIOUS EFFECT OF POLLARDING.

THE EDITOR. SIR,—The enclosed poplar leaves may interest some of your readers. The smaller one is the normal size; the larger one is the result of pollarding the trees!—E. M. HICK.

[We have had the



NORMAL AND POLLARDED POPLAR LEAF.



OUT FOR A WALK IN THE FOREST.

leaves photographed together, to show the remarkable difference in size.—ED.]

#### GERARD FOWKE'S BREASTPLATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To trace the original owner of a weapon or piece of armour which ought to possess historical associations is—unless some lucky armorial chance may come in to help—usually a difficult matter, calling for the patient research and great knowledge of a de Cosson helped by a Sherlock Holmes-like instinct, and all owing to the little assistance which these original owners felt called upon to give. With any ordinary piece the hope of identification is small indeed; but once, and only once, a breastplate bought by a London dealer out of a Newcastle collector's belongings came to me on which he who ran could read the veritable first owner's name, while at the same time this fact helped out the mental picture I had formed of Gerard Fowke, for though I knew him not in the flesh, in the pedigree I knew him well. The Fowke family belonged, till near the end of the eighteenth century (when they found a new home in Leicestershire) to Staffordshire, and they seem to have come to the front during the fifteenth century and, in spite of the then unsettled

state of the country, to have prospered. As each son arrived at years entitling him to a home of his own, a holding was found for him in the neighbourhood of the old manor house, and then he got married. A knighthood came to the family in 1779, and a baronetcy followed in 1814. Gerard Fowke, who was born early in the seventeenth century, was one of the sons of John Fowke of Brewood, a market town, county Staffordshire—also of another place in the neighbourhood, Gunston—and the portion which fell to him was Bachacre, near to Boscobel. Not to hold it long though, for on the breaking out of the Civil War he raised a troop for the King, and as a consequence his estate was sequestrated by the Parliament. According to family records, he took part in the battle of Hopton Heath, at which the Earl of Northampton was killed, and Fowke was afterwards appointed Deputy-Governor of the town. After the King's death, he (though he seems to have had a wife and three children living and had besides lost one of his hands) took up fighting as a profession, and served with distinction in Bohemia and other Continental countries.

A man, evidently, who did not want advice from anybody, impetuous and, rather more than less, unreasonable, but decidedly picturesque and interesting—at a little distance. When I had got together some particulars of his life, he became, for me, quite a pleasant companion; and I used to wonder how he would behave if transported into modern life. If he bought an umbrella would he say

"Grave my name here, worthy merchant,  
Grave it deeply, feaouslylie,  
Blows severe shall be the portion,  
Of him who takes my parapluie."?

—ALFRED BILLSON.



SHOWING THE ENGRAVED NAME.